

The Enterprise.

VOL. 6.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1901.

NO. 24.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.
5:56 A. M. Daily.
7:27 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
8:33 A. M. Daily.
12:45 P. M. Daily.
4:51 P. M. Daily.
5:55 P. M. Daily except Sunday.
SOUTH.
6:45 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
7:33 A. M. Daily.
12:10 P. M. Daily.
4:06 P. M. Daily except Sunday.
7:05 P. M. Daily.
12:20 A. M. Sunday Only (Theater).

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

Change of Time Which Went Into Effect February 5th, 1900.
Cars leave Holy Cross.
6:49, 7:13, 7:37, 8:01, 8:16 A. M. and every 15 minutes thereafter until 11:30 P. M.
3:31 P. M., 4:45, 4:01, 4:17, 4:33, 4:49, 5:06, 5:21 and every 15 minutes thereafter until 11:30 P. M.
7:51 P. M., 8:21, 8:39, 8:51, 9:09, 9:26, 9:49, 10:21, 10:38, 11:25.
All cars run direct through to new Ferry Depot.
First car leaves Station 8:52 A. M., and every 15 minutes thereafter until 6:10 P. M.
Time cards can be obtained by applying to conductors or office at 30th St.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays, 8:30 to 9:00 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

From the North..... 7:45 A. M.
" South..... 11:30 7:00

MAIL CLOSURES.

North..... 8:50 A. M.
South..... 7:00 P. M.
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeyman Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT
Hon. G. H. Buck..... Redwood City
TREASURER
P. P. Chamberlain..... Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR
F. M. Granger..... Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
J. J. Bullock..... Redwood City
ASSASSOR
C. D. Hayward..... Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER
M. H. Thompson..... Redwood City
SHERIFF
J. H. Mansfield..... Redwood City
AUDITOR
Geo. Barker..... Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
Miss Rita M. Tilton..... Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR
Jas. Crowe..... Redwood City
SURVEYOR
W. B. Gilbert..... Redwood City

Homestead Women Must Not Gossip on Streets.

New York.—A dispatch to the World from Homestead Pa., says: Burgess J. Clyde Miller, having suppressed vice in the town made famous by the strike at the Carnegie Steel Works in 1892, is going to try to stop gossiping on the street. None of his reform orders has caused so much talk as this one: "Women out shopping on Saturday night will not be allowed to stop and gossip on the streets in the business section of the town."
The order is looked upon by many as a joke, but if the Burgess enforces it with the same spirit he has shown in his other reform orders, he may find the women rising up in arms against him.

No More Strikes By Newspaper Printers.

Indianapolis.—Members of the International Typographical Union, by a mail vote, have decided on arbitration to settle all differences that may arise in the future between the union and the News Publishers' Association. As the association has also adopted the arbitration plan, the election of the union puts an end in the future to all lock-outs, strikes or boycotts on newspapers that belong to the association. Hereafter all grievances will be adjusted by a board of arbitration to be appointed by the union and a committee from the association. The complete vote was 12,543 votes in favor of arbitration to 3530 against the arbitration.

Imports Into Cape Colony.

Cape Town.—Imports into Cape Colony last year aggregated £17,000,000, those from Great Britain amounting to £15,000,000, and those from the United States to £1,775,580.

Botha May Again Seek Peace.

London.—"It is declared in Transvaal quarters, in this city," says the Brussels correspondent of the Morning Post, "that General Botha will shortly renew the peace negotiations."

TELEGRAPHIC RESUME

Things That Have Happened All Over the Country

MENTIONED IN THESE PARAGRAPHS.

Selections That Will Greatly Interest Our Readers Both Old and Young.

Official notice has been received that claims for indemnity against China must be filed with the British Minister at Peking, Sir Ernest Satow, before May 1st.

According to the St. Petersburg correspondent of the London Daily Mail, import duties at Vladivostok have been raised on all American iron, steel and machinery.

Privates Edward Brodie and James F. Coffey, Troop C, Third Cavalry, were recently convicted by court-martial at Manila of murder and sentenced to imprisonment at hard labor for life.

In view of the present disposition of the Navy Department to reduce rather than strengthen its naval representation on the Asiatic station, it is probable that the recent purpose of sending the battleship Wisconsin to the Philippines to take the place of the battleship Oregon, will be abandoned.

Plans of Andrew Carnegie to parallel the Pennsylvania Railroad system and construct a trunk line to the seaboard have been ordered stopped by the United States Steel Corporation, which now controls the Carnegie Company. A number of surveys have been working on the line for some time and these men were all recalled and discharged.

A cable from Berlin says: Mrs. Powell-Webster, an American singer from Dresden, engaged for the opera-house there, does not please the critics. Her voice, they say, is fine; she is mistress of all the parts which enhance tone and color, but she lacks power. Her German also is ridiculed and her acting is declared beneath notice. On the whole, Mrs. Powell-Webster has had a bad time with the critics.

The Black Bull Inn, the last of the ancient hostels in Holborn, is to be pulled down. It was here that Dickens laid the scene of the nursing experiences of Mrs. Gamp and Betsy Prig, and here the immortal Sairey Gamp perpetrated so many of her historic experiences. After standing for over 300 years it is now to make way for modern buildings, which will soon replace all the old haunts so dear to Dickens.

The census of the United Kingdom, taken last week, will not be tabulated for some time, says a London dispatch, but the indications are that the population of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales is more than 50,000,000. The percentage of increase is less than in the previous decade. Depopulation of rural districts in favor of cities is most marked. Ireland's population is less than it was ten years ago and probably lower than at any other time in the nineteenth century.

This summer an equestrian statue in honor of General Slocum will be erected on the Gettysburg battlefield by the State of New York. The Women's Relief Corps of Ohio will erect a monument in honor of Jennie Wade, the only woman killed during the battle. A monument will also be erected in honor of "Old John Burns." A bill appropriating \$100,000 for the erection of a monument on the center square of Gettysburg has been presented to the State Legislature.

Pittsburg glass workers are being taken to New Zealand to work in a plant now being erected by the New Zealand Flint Glass Company. The New Zealand company has deposited money for the expenses of the journey with President John Kunzler of the Flint Glass Workers' Union. Each workman will be given \$200 for fare and expenses, and will be allowed pay at the rate of \$10 a week while on the outward trip. About fifty Flint glass workers have already signified their willingness to go.

For the Benefit of Letter-Carriers.

Washington.—An innovation looking to the comfort of letter-carriers throughout the country during the heat of summer probably will be introduced this year by official permission to them to divest their coats on their rounds when felt to be necessary. It is expected that the Postmaster-General in the near future will issue an order formally granting authority to postmasters for this purpose and modifying the requirements so as to allow the carriers to wear a suitable gray blouse, with turn-down collar and a black tie.

Report of Friction Over Danish Islands.

London.—"It seems that the question of the sale of the Danish West Indies has reached a serious point," says the Copenhagen correspondent of the Daily Mail. "Washington is understood to be inclined to take umbrage at Denmark's hesitation to accept the American offer. The attitude of the United States has become almost menacing, but Denmark has the moral support of the European powers."

TO COMPETE WITH STEAM.

Plans for an Elaborate System of Electric Lines in the East.

New York.—The World prints additional details regarding the incorporation at Trenton, N. J., of the Philadelphia Trenton and New York Railroad Company. Says the World:

Albert L. Johnson, the trolley magnate, has taken formal steps toward realizing his great project of building and operating an electric road between this city and Philadelphia. The terminus at this end of the line will be on Staten Island, unless he gets through his project of building a tunnel from the City Hall under the East river to Brooklyn, through the latter borough and under the Narrows. The Philadelphia, Trenton and New York Railroad Company has been capitalized at \$500,000, but this is regarded as only a beginning.

The Johnson syndicate already owns the trolley line running between Princeton and Trenton, and also the upper Delaware river bridge. The latter was acquired when the syndicate recently got control of the New Jersey Street Railroad Company. The lines of the Trenton-Princeton road will be extended within a few weeks to New Brunswick and from that point to the Staten Island terminal, over a right of way which has already been obtained by the Johnson syndicate.

It is the purpose of Mr. Johnson to charge a fifty-cent fare between this city and Philadelphia, which is a small fraction of that charged by the steam railroads. He intends to compete with the latter not only in passenger traffic but in the handling of freight. He already has in operation a vast system of trolley lines running out from Philadelphia which connect about sixty towns in the Lehigh valley, and he declares he will extend this system until he gets into the heart of the coal-mining district of Pennsylvania.

Part of Johnson's plan to get a tunnel road from Staten Island to the City Hall is his offer to carry passengers from Manhattan to Brooklyn or Richmond boroughs for a three-cent fare.

Chicago.—The Chronicle says: The consolidation so long talked about of the suburban electric lines has been effected, by which the Aurora, Yorkville and Geneva branch, the Elgin city line, and the Aurora, Wheaton and Chicago companies will enter this city over the Forty-eighth-street branch of the Metropolitan West Side Elevated Railroad. By the consolidation over 200 miles of trolley system will be operated under one management. It is the intention of the company to run express service between the principal cities and also to carry freight. Ultimately the new road contemplates making connection with the electric surface railroads of Michigan with a view to covering the fruit belt territory of that State.

TO SEE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

It Will Be Opened Earlier Than Usual in Honor of the President.

Chicago.—Yellowstone Park is to be opened this season half a month earlier than ever before in honor of the visit of President McKinley and his party. This is to be done even if twenty feet of snow has to be hauled a day, tunneled through with steam plows or artificially melted. This is what J. H. Dean, superintendent of the Yellowstone Park Association, and Major Bates of the transportation lines, who have planned the itinerary for the President's trip in the national park, said when they arrived at the Auditorium Hotel.

There is now six feet of snow between Government headquarters and the Yellowstone canyon, and half a month means a great deal in that region. Superintendent Dean reports the present season an open one, with less snow than usual, and it is hoped that by the time President McKinley and his party reach Helena, Mont., on May 28th, the snow will not be deep enough to make snow-shoes necessary.

Major Bates has received word that the President will take a flying trip to the park, and probably will spend two days there. He will be given a trip to the Great Springs, and a second day's attraction will be the Canyon of the Yellowstone.

Harvard Faculty Disturbed.

New York.—A special to the Herald from Boston says: The cruelty practiced in the initiation of members into the exclusive secret societies of Harvard, made public through the serious injuries sustained by Enos S. T. Richardson of New York and A. W. Mason of Boston, both of whom have been under the doctor's care for several weeks, is giving the members of the faculty considerable concern. No official action will be taken until the return of President Eliot, who is expected home soon. Dr. Walcott, acting president in Dr. Eliot's absence, advises that novitiates to secret societies refuse to submit to actions degrading to them and to the college.

To Be Station Ship at Guam.

Washington.—The naval ship Supply, now at New York Navy Yard, is to be overhauled and refitted as a station ship for the Island of Guam. She will take the place of the collier Brutus, which is now on her way to the United States to be laid up for repairs.

AGUINALDO BETRAYED

How Officer's Kindness Won Important Information.

CAPTURE OF CHIEF'S MESSENGER.

Lieutenant Taylor of the Twenty-fourth Infantry is Highly Praised by Funston.

New York.—A special to the World from Lake City, Fla., says: J. D. Taylor, a prominent citizen of this city, has received a letter from his son, Lieutenant James D. Taylor Jr., of the Twenty-fourth United States Infantry, which shows that the young man, with kindness and seven cigars, won over seven Filipinos and secured the information that enabled General Funston to capture Aguinaldo. In a modest, matter-of-fact way, the Lieutenant tells his father about his clever exploit and of General Funston's full acknowledgment of his services. The letter, dated at Bantabangan, Philippine Islands, February 18, 1901, is in part as follows:

"On February 8th seven insurgents, with one rifle and six cartridges, presented themselves. They were pretty well scared up and I fed them, gave them a cigar each and asked them a few questions, and they answered me with all kinds of lies. I told them they were tired and no doubt wanted to see their families, so after signing the oath of allegiance, they could go home and report the next morning ready to tell the truth.

"The next morning they came in a little more at ease and told a different tale. By questioning I found they had concealed some letters in the woods, and I went right out and got them. After reading their letters I found that they had not told the whole truth and began questioning them again and found that Aguinaldo was in the town they came from, and all about him. Two days later I got his special messenger, who had all the orders from Aguinaldo to his Generals and letters of great importance. I hurried him with all the letters out that night at moon rise, and in three days he was in Manila.

"For my work I received the inclosed message from General Funston: 'The following is the copy of the original telegram from General Funston:'

"San Isidro, February 13, 7:30 p. m.—Lieutenant James D. Taylor, Twenty-fourth Infantry, Bantabangan: General Funston desires to express his thanks to and appreciation of your judgment and energy in getting the valuable letters and information from Aguinaldo's messengers. Also please convey his appreciation to your President. By command Brigadier-General Funston. E. V. SMITH, 'A. A. G., Fourth District.'"

IMMENSE RAILWAY COMBINE.

General Consolidation Is Said to Be Under Consideration by Magnates.

New York.—The Sun says: There is reason to believe that a plan is now being talked about seriously to bring all the great railway systems of the United States under the control of one company. The enterprise, if carried through, would involve the greatest combination of capital known in the history of finance. The United States Steel Company, with its more than a billion of capital, would be rather a small corporation by comparison.

No very definite information can be given about the scheme at the present time, but in a general way the plan, by no means matured yet, is understood to be as follows: A company is to be formed under the laws of New Jersey for the purpose, so to put it, of conducting a general freight and transportation business in the State of New Jersey and elsewhere. This company will hold a controlling interest in all the great railway systems of the United States, and the management of the roads will be vested in a controlling company. Each road will preserve its identity and corporate existence, but the new company will control the affairs of all. The chief purpose of the new company will be to prevent rate cutting. Besides this, a large amount will be saved by cutting down the expenses of the management.

It is understood that the prime movers in this new enterprise are J. Pierpont Morgan, William K. Vanderbilt, J. J. Hill, E. H. Harriman, George J. Gould, J. D. Rockefeller, J. H. Schiff and J. Stillman.

It was reported that the first step in carrying out the proposed plan had already been taken and that papers are being prepared for the incorporation of a New Jersey Company which shall control the stock of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, the Erie, the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific. Provisions will be made, it is said, in incorporating this company for the acquisition of other properties. In acquiring the property mentioned the plan employed by the United States Steel Company will be followed, stock of the controlling company being exchanged for the stock of the constituent companies. In this particular deal, involving four roads only, the capital stock of the roads to be acquired represents \$550,000,000.

AN OIL BULLETIN ISSUED.

It Is the Report of an Expert Special Agent.

Washington.—The Census Office has issued a bulletin on the industry of petroleum refining, prepared by E. W. Parker, of the Geological Survey, as an expert special agent of the census. It covers the calendar year 1899. It shows that in the production of refined petroleum to the value of \$123,929,384, materials to the value of \$102,859,341 were consumed, showing a difference in value between the raw material and the finished product much smaller than is common in industries of a more complicated character. The value of the products of the establishment engaged in this industry has increased 45.8 per cent during the decade.

Notwithstanding that there has been a decrease in the number of refineries, there has been an increase of 7 per cent in the number of wage earners, and 19.4 per cent in the amount of wages paid. The invested capital is \$95,427,827, which represents the value of lands, buildings, machinery, tools and the live capital required to carry on the business, but does not include the capital stock of any of the corporations. Of the 42,234,664 barrels of refined petroleum produced in 1899, not less than 16,666,809 barrels, or nearly 40 per cent, were exported to foreign markets.

The United States is not only the largest exporter of petroleum, but its trade in this commodity has rapidly increased during the census decade and is apparently susceptible of increase in the future.

OPPOSED BY CORBIN.

Promotion of Funston Not Favored by the Adjutant of the Army.

Wichita, Kas.—The Eagle published an extended interview with Congressman Chester I. Long of Kansas relative to the appointment of Frederick Funston to a Brigadier-Generalship in the regular Army. Mr. Long has verified the interview.

"When I read of General Funston's heroic deed," said Mr. Long, "I went straight to General Corbin's office and said: 'Well, General, you see what Funston has done?'

"I have seen it," replied Corbin, "not too pleasantly."

"Well," I said, "don't you think that you ought to make Funston a Brigadier-General in the regulars?"

"No," said Corbin, "he has done nothing to warrant that."

"But," I insisted, "it seems to me that he has done a very daring thing; that he has almost concluded the war."

"Mr. Long," said Corbin, "I am making Lieutenants out of better stuff than Funston every day. Funston is a boss scout—that's all."

"We want him made a Brigadier-General," I insisted.

"Mr. Long," said Corbin, "the Army has become a great school; we want teachers for Brigadier-Generals; we want men who can teach and not those who can be taught."

"But the President may want to appoint him," I said.

"The President can do so, of course," said General Corbin.

"But it was plain to be seen," added Mr. Long, "that the President would never do it on the recommendation of General Corbin."

Railway Plans in Kern Oil Fields.

Los Angeles.—The Southern Pacific and the Santa Fe are reported to have united for the construction of a railroad into the Sunset oil district. Material is said to be on the ground and construction work is to be commenced at once. The road will extend from Gosford to Sunset, a distance of twenty-eight miles, and will cost in the neighborhood of \$500,000. William Hood, chief engineer of the Southern Pacific, and Chief Engineer Burns of the Santa Fe, will supervise the work, which will be under the immediate direction of T. J. Williams, division engineer of the Santa Fe at Stockton. The new road will connect with both the Santa Fe and the Southern Pacific, and is expected to be of immense benefit to oil producers in the Kern and Sunset fields.

British View of the Steel Trust.

London.—The Daily Mail, in the course of an extended article on the American steel trust, says it can see no escape for the United States from the oppression of the trusts except in free trade, and declares that J. Pierpont Morgan has appropriated \$200,000,000 to crush American independent concerns.

"The operations of the trust," says the Daily Mail, "may induce general tariff legislation by Europe, and will certainly consolidate the British steel and iron trades, which will give the American trust a hard fight here."

May Compete With American Builders.

Philadelphia, Pa.—An English shipbuilding company is reported to have purchased Petty's island, one-half mile from Cramps' shipyard, with the object of establishing one of the largest shipbuilding plants in the world. The island embraces about 300 acres and has long been regarded as an ideal spot for a shipbuilding plant. Charles B. Stricker of New York, who is said to represent Vickers, Son & Maxim, was the purchaser.

The Small Flock of Sheep.

A limited number of sheep should be kept on every arable farm in America provided more or less of the land is enclosed with some kind of fencing. I am satisfied that from ten to twenty can be kept on every hundred acres of land without a cost to the owner for food except in the winter. They will sustain themselves, very largely, at least, on what would otherwise be lost. They can be utilized in trimming up all byplaces on the farm. They may be made to do the work of scavengers. There are those who ridicule the idea of keeping sheep as scavengers. Even so, that is just the work I would have them do on every farm on which a small flock is kept. They will do this work in handsome fashion. The little paddocks around the barn, the lanes leading back into the farm, the grass rims beside strips of forest and all the corners and crannies about the whole farm they will trim up as though they were trying to prepare a lawn, if they are only given access to them at the proper season. Of course, they must be allowed to graze these places closely. Such a flock of sheep would more than pay their way by the weeds and weed seeds that they would destroy. And while being thus fed they would keep in the pink of condition, since they are being furnished with just the kinds of food suited to their needs.—Prof. Shaw in Wool Markets and Sheep.

Russia Still After Disputed Land.

Tien-tsin.—It is reported here that the Russians have been endeavoring to enforce a purchase of the disputed railway siding from the original Chinese owners.

One person with a very little help can easily attend to 100 colonies of bees if comb honey is the product. More help will be needed if extracted honey is the object.

Cyrus Noble

The World famous American whiskey.

A perfect distillation of the best grain.

Aged in wood.

Of a soft mellow flavor.

Absolutely pure.

The People's Store

GRAND AVE., near Postoffice,

South San Francisco, Cal.

This is the Only Store in San Mateo County that SELLS

Dry Goods and Fancy Goods; Boots and Shoes; Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods; Crockery and Agate Ware; Hats and Caps.

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

Give Us a Call and be Convinced.

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Hay, Grain and Feed. ** ** Wood and Coal. ** **

Lumber Yard

ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.

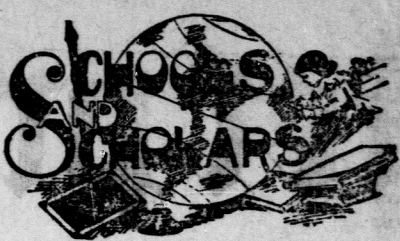
Grand and San Bruno Aves., South San Francisco, Cal.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.Advice to heroes and statesmen:
When about to write a letter, don't.Don't talk at random. Make every-
thing you say hit the mark or save your
ammunition.Some men use Sunday as a sort of
sponge to wipe out the sins they com-
mitted during the previous six days.Among other things, has Mrs. Nation
smashed that old proverb about its be-
ing dangerous to fool with edged tools?In the last hundred years Turkey has
lost about half of its territory. This
looks as if somebody had been using
the Ottoman to walk on.The powers want to make progress
in the Flowery Kingdom, and this de-
capitation business is supposed to be
one way of getting a head."Kidnapers are bound to be caught
in the long run," says the Boston Her-
ald. Let's see—when were the kidnap-
ers of Charley Ross caught?Manila harbor is to be improved,
though it is admitted that it is much
less dangerous than when Admiral
Dewey sailed into it the first time.As to the lash for a wife beater, why
not tie him up securely and let the in-
jured wife give him a good tongue lash-
ing in the presence of all the neigh-
bors?A woman has brought suit for di-
vorce on the ground that her husband
refuses to eat her pies. Still, she would
rather be a real widow by the pie
route.Only 6,356 new books were published
in the United States last year. How-
ever, people vainly looking for some-
thing new to read can always fall back
on the magazines and newspapers.Emperor William may import the
American hen to Germany, but will the
time ever come when the politics of
that country will permit of our election
roosters appearing in the public prints
there?A Vanderbilt descendant has proved
capable of something more than spend-
ing ancestral money. It may yet be
fashionable for hereditary American
wealth to have brains and disposition
to use them. "Young Cornelius" firebox
shows some inventive power beyond
the mere talent of devising new dissi-
pation.A woman whose husband beat her
regularly once a day for forty years
has at last appealed to the police. It
seems that there was a point where
even a patient, loving woman could
stand it no longer, and the head of the
household tried it once too often when
he started to take his daily exercise on
the first day of the forty-first year.A cooking school for doctors has been
established in Berlin, and among the
numerous attendants are physicians
from several countries besides Ger-
many. Branch schools are to be open-
ed in other European capitals. The
medical man needs to be a good nurse.
He ought to be able to apply the prin-
ciples of wholesome cooking likewise,
if need be, in preparing delicacies for
the sick room. A supervision by the
doctor, himself competent to cook what
he orders for the patient, would turn
many a kitchen into a serviceable addi-
tion to his equipment."I am no longer young," said an
Alaska pioneer the other day, "but I
expect to live to see a continuous line
of railway from New York to St. Pe-
tersburg by way of Bering Strait. In
fact, work on one of the connecting
links will be begun within a year." The
line he referred to will extend from
Port Valdez on the sea to the Yukon
river at the mouth of the Tanana.
From this point another road is projected
to Nome, and if that should be built,
a railway across the strait to Siberia
might become at least a possibility. If
expanding trade should demand such
a road, neither the engineering nor the
financial difficulties would be insur-
mountable. It is an interesting thing
to speculate about, at any rate.It is not only the rural resident from
up the creek that buys gold bricks.
Sometimes important sales of this sort
of merchandise are made to wise ones
who dwell in cities. A certain "pro-
fessor" of fortune telling appears to
have done a particularly neat piece of
gold-brick work in an Eastern city. He
has been telling some of the social
lights of that town that his insight into
the future would be wonderfully sharp-
ened if he were allowed to sleep over
night on jewelry belonging to his clients.
He intimated that the larger the
quantity of precious metal he had to
sleep on, the better he could forecast
future events. One of his clients was
the wife of a well-known manufac-
turer, who willingly gave up her Jew-
elry and what gold coin she had in the
house. The next day the professor had
left town. His inspection of the future
was perfectly satisfactory to him."I would joyfully, many a time," said
a famous singer the other day, "ex-
change all my public ovations for my
mother's knowledge how to prepare a
palatable meal." Nevertheless, so
fashionable have culinary and house-
hold subjects become, that "my moth-er's pies" have formidable rivals in
"my daughter's doughnuts." Even col-
legiate straws show which way the
wind blows. Themes recently chosen
for senior theses in several leading
women's colleges include "The Ser-
vant Problem," "Household Econom-
ics" and "Foods in Relation to Intel-
lect and Sanity," and stand in marked
contrast with the poetic and platitudi-
nous graduating essays of only a genera-
tion ago. To be "a good housekeeper,"
said Shakespeare, "goes as fairly as to
say . . . a great scholar." To-day,
as never before, the two accomplish-
ments walk hand in hand.The mollifying influence of death,
which is so often felt in private family
relations has been manifested on a
large scale, internationally, since the
death of Queen Victoria. The English
people have been often irritated by the
German Kaiser. His commercial
and naval schemes have seemed to
them to be aimed against England. His
message of sympathy to President
Krugger, after the Jameson raid, still
ranks in their memory, and more
than once they have taken offense at
some impulsive thing which he has
said or done. But when, as soon as he
knew that the Queen was seriously ill,
he left the scene of the festivities with
which the Prussian bicentenary had
just been celebrated, and hurried to
the death-chamber at Osborne, they
were profoundly moved; all the more
so because he waived official formalities,
and joined the waiting family
group simply as the grandson of the
Queen. The same influence was felt
elsewhere. There was no discordant
note in the world-wide expression of
sympathy. The French and Russian
journals, which are apt to be critical,
if not hostile, toward England, joined
in the tributes to the Queen. American
journals were as cordial as if there
never had been any Alabama claims or
Venezuela difficulty or Alaskan bound-
ary or other vexatious question be-
tween the two countries. Under the
reciprocal kindness thus induced,
English journals began to suggest that
perhaps too much had been made of
annoying amendments to the Hay-
Paucefote treaty, and that it might
be well to concede to the United States
the disputed points. So it came to pass
that the good Queen, who has all her
life striven for peace, in her death ex-
erted a strong influence in the same di-
rection.It would be a misfortune if the pas-
sion for "getting on" should narrow
our educational ideals and substitute
the man of facility in affairs and the
expert for the man of broad culture
and the man of freed imagination. The
movement in colleges and universities
to introduce "practical" courses may
sometimes appear to be tending in that
direction, but it is rather to be regard-
ed as an effort to give young men and
women a better introduction to certain
typical phases of actual life, says a
Chicago Tribune editorial, and to af-
ford them in certain lines that special-
ized preparation for particular occu-
pations which, to a degree at least, can
be more economically attained in an
institution than otherwise. The School
of Economics and Political Science in
the University of Wisconsin has re-
cently announced certain modified and
enlarged courses, including one on
"Public Service and Diplomacy" and
another in "Preparation for Journal-
ism." One of this country's greatest
editors once expressed the opinion that
no one could be "prepared" out of hand
for journalism; and yet it is evident
that not only general culture but fami-
liarity with certain lines of information
and thought furnish the journalist an
invaluable background for his work.
Training for public administration and
for diplomacy is even more obviously a
great present need in this country. Our
easy theory that the duties of public
life can, under our simple system, be
met by the ordinary citizen, is largely
chargeable with our pernicious prac-
tice of "rotation in office" and with the
lack of vigor and efficiency in much of
our public life. The action of Madison
University is a part of a general move-
ment during the last ten years among
American institutions of higher learn-
ing, the valuable effects of which,
though not conspicuous as yet, are
bound to be increasingly felt as time
goes on.

When Thomas Sings.

When Thomas sings his nightly lays,
His hearers know the pain it brings
To hearts as dead—for folsome praise
He cares not nor whose soul he wrings.Beneath the moon's bewitching rays,
His voice it soars, as it had wings,
And many a list'ner gurnon pays,
When Thomas sings!Yes, as the cadence loudly swings
From out the woodshed, windows raise
And neighbors hurl all sorts of things
Unheeded—bootjacks are bouquets
When Thomas sings!

Small Horseshoes.

Horseshoes weighing an ounce each
and just a trifle larger than a silver
dollar were turned out in a California
shop recently. They were made for a
Shetland pony 6 months old, and small
for its age.It is far better to have large feet
than a small understanding.

Vertical Writing.

The subject of vertical writing is
still being talked about whenever the
question of penmanship is discussed.
The Brooklyn Eagle has this to say
about it: "Since its introduction a few
years ago, just for novelty's sake and
to give room for enterprise on the part
of enterprising salesmen, it has gained
much ground. Its one merit is legi-
bility. The warmest advocates claim
for it little more than this. It violates
every principle of beauty, puts a stop
on the free expression of character
through the pen, like a gag in the
mouth of speech. Compared with slant
in speed, it is as the tortoise to the
hare. Should any one given to the
study of temperance receive a letter
in this bolt upright, rigid hand, he
would be likely, not knowing the
writer, to quickly assign the person to
mediocrity in station and insipidity in
regard to character. Besides, the ver-
tical is not freely used in business. It
is true that the typewriter has so far
taken the place of the pen that, except
for figuring, the latter is little used, a
very strong argument against the wide-
spread diffusion of the style complain-
ed of, when its only recommendation,
as I have said, is clearness. The more
the vertical is continued as an educa-
tional agent the grosser will become
the impediment to free manifestation
of character. Sanguine, nervous per-
sons and phlegmatic temperaments
will be jumbled into one dead monot-
ony tintured mostly by the latter,
which is the least desirable. The only
good this vertical style can accomplish
is to do away with the crowd of ex-
perts on writing, for where all write
alike there will be nothing left for
them to squabble over."

Stand by the Teacher.

In conversation with a gentleman
from the country recently he made the
remark that he expected to send his
children to school this year in another
district, as he did not like the teacher
in his own district. When we asked
him what was the matter with the
teacher, he said: "Oh, I don't know as
there is anything the matter with the
teacher, but I wanted another teacher,
and don't like the way the district
board acted in this matter." This is
about the kind of an excuse a great
many people have when they object to
the teacher hired by the district board.
As the gentleman was talking to us his
little boy was standing alongside of
him. How can we expect that children
will have any respect for the teacher
when the parents talk against him.
District boards may sometimes make
a mistake in hiring a teacher, but after
the teacher has been employed it is the
duty of every patron of the school to
stand by the teacher and try to make
the school as good as possible unless
the teacher violates some law.—Ex-
change.

Teachers Needed.

A professor in a Western normal
school lately said at an institute, "In
my boyhood I attended a district
school for four winters. I was in the
'highest class' each term. We invariably
commenced at the beginning in
each text book, so for four terms I
went over substantially the same
ground; it grew monotonous, and I
finally refused to go to school any
more, and spent two years in a saw-
mill, starting as general helper and
coming out as an engineer. At 17 my
mother wanted me to try school again;
I was sent to a high school in a neigh-
boring city. Here I was started into
real work far above my preparation,
but not above my mental ability. I
was constantly stimulated to strong
mental activity. Then I saw what
was needed in my first school and what
is needed in all schools—a person pos-
sessing the power to teach, not a mere
possessor of knowledge."

Education in South Carolina.

The superintendent of education for
South Carolina shows in his annual
report that while more money is ap-
propriated for the education of the whites
than for the blacks, there are more
blacks than whites in attendance at
the public schools. There are 155,000
colored children attending the schools,
for which there was appropriated
\$202,171, this being at the rate of \$1.30
a pupil. There are at the schools 126,
395 white pupils, for whom there was
spent \$700,540, or \$5.54 a pupil.

RICHES TAKE WINGS.

From \$20,000,000 to Bankruptcy in a
Few Years.The recent failure of John E. Searles
in New York created a sensation in
commercial circles which has not been
equalled in years. He was looked upon
as one of the most substantial men of
the metropolis.Mr. Searles organized the Sugar Trust
in 1887, in which he made millions.
Later he withdrew to become president
of the American Cotton Company,
which became a very strong and suc-
cessful enterprise. He was also chosen
president of the Western National
Bank. At this time he was worth \$20,
000,000. But his support of other ven-
tures on Wall street cost him dearly
and his millions began to slip away
from him. One after another turned
out disastrously until but a fraction
of his great fortune remained. To the
outer world, however, he was still the
great financial magnate. To the as-
tonishment of all but a few he con-
fessed bankruptcy this week, stating
his debts were over \$2,000,000. Wallstreet speculations he owned had ruin-
ed him.Mr. Searles was the son of the pastor
of the old St. John's Methodist Church
in New Haven, John E. Searles. He
began work at 10 in a sugar refinery in
that city and rose rapidly. He married
an heiress, Miss Pettit, and went to
New York to engage as an importer in
sugar. He soon became a millionaire
and kept on adding to his riches until
the time came which has steadily re-
duced his accumulations and finally
bankrupted him.Mr. Searles has organized Sunday
schools everywhere. He gave \$40,000
for the new building of the New York
Avenue Methodist Church, in Brook-
lyn, where he passes the plate, and he
represents the church in the General
Conference. He has given thousands
of dollars to the Brooklyn hospitals.
He is described as a long-armed, long-

JOHN E. SEARLES.

nosed, big-boned Yankee, with smooth
upper lip, and beard like a conference
preacher's, he wears the ill-fitting frock
coat and white choker and hymn book
eyeglasses that can be seen in any and
every country church. His smile is
benevolent and shrewd.

An Indiana Patriarch.

In a little log cabin on the borders of
the Village of Bortville, Ind., lives Riley
Shepherd, a man of 73 years, with
his fourth wife and
ten children to
comfort his declin-
ing days. In the
number of his im-
mediate descend-
ants "Uncle" Riley
is a formidable rival
for the patri-
archs of old. In all
he is the father of
twenty-nine chil-
dren, twenty-two of
whom are now living. His oldest child
is 53 years of age and his youngest 6
years.Riley Shepherd was born in the
mountains of North Carolina, and lived
there until he was 21 years old. Since
that time he has been continuously a
resident of Bortville. When he was
50 years old his second wife got a di-
vorce from him and obtained a decree
giving her possession of his worldly
goods. He was left to begin life over
again, with seventeen children as his
stock in trade. Of his twenty-nine
children, sixteen have been boys and
thirteen girls. He has more than fifty
living grandchildren.

Marvels in Textile Work.

The more I see and learn of Japanese
textiles the more I am convinced that
we can teach them but little in the art
of making fabrics. We can teach them
rapid production, but this is all we can
do. Their crapes, both cotton and silk
are marvelous productions. Our wom-
en are wild in their expressions as to
the beauties of their silk crapes. I have
a piece of brocade said to have been
woven by one of the Shoguns 250 years
ago, and it looks as if the statement
was true, for it is falling apart with
age, but it is as beautiful as any bro-
cade ever woven in the looms of France
and the many colors are still brilliant
beyond expression.But the production! Oh! how slow it
must have been; they wove inches
where we weave yards, and yet it
would tax the best machinery of the
present day to weave this piece of bro-
cade. There are so many colors and
the design is so intricate. The looms
on which these rare fabrics were woven
were very simple affairs, with two or
three girls to a loom, working for very
low wages, making the figures almost
entirely by hand. The Japanese do not
need our skill; they need our machinery
and they will do the rest.—Fibre and
Fabric.

Curious Church Built of Bulrushes.

The first place of worship in Western
Australia was quite unique both from
its frail form of construction and also
the several purposes to which it was
devoted. This remarkable building
was made at Perth, then merely a town
site, by soldiers of the 2nd Company
63rd Regiment shortly after the de-
tachment arrived at the Colony in
1829, and was composed almost entire-
ly of bulrushes. In addition to this
rude little edifice being used on Sun-
days for Divine worship, it sometimes
served as an amateur theater during
the week, and was used during the
whole time as a barracks.

When Trees Reach Maturity.

Authorities on forestry say that
seventy-five years are required for the
oak to reach maturity; for the ash,
larch and elm, about the same length
of time; for the spruce and fir, about
eighty years. After this time their
growth remains stationary for some
years, and then decay begins. There
are, however, some exceptions to this,
for oaks are still living which are
known to be 1,000 years old.Aluminum Bridges for Cavalry.
The Austro-Hungary war office has
recently tried with success bridges of
aluminum for cavalry. They are the
invention of Captains de Vaux and
Vail, and are easily carried on wagons.Men do evil when there is no use for
it. One of the wealthiest merchants in
Berlin has been indicted for forgery.A man in Dayton, Ohio, got in trou-
ble with Uncle Sam by forgetting that
it is unlawful to send a dun on a postal
card.River transportation is now possible
between Parkersburg, W. Va., and
Chattanooga, Tenn. But it is a good,
long way around.Mrs. Hortense Adams, of Boise, Ida-
ho, has disposed of the little gold mine
she discovered near that city for \$250,
000 to New York capitalists.Duke Lac of China was a pretty bad
Chinaman last summer, cutting off
heads without any reason for the acts.
He is only to get a sentence of banish-
ment.In praise of Tammany it is said that
its administration was always liberal
to the schools. Money was spent lav-
ishly on them. That placated many to
its rule.It appears now that some of the po-
etry which once appeared in Eugene
Field's column of "Sharps and Flats"
in the Chicago News was written by
Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus.Judge Strope, of St. Joseph, has
bought a 2,000-acre farm in southwest
Missouri, for which he paid \$80,000.
He will stock it with Hereford cattle
worth not less than \$110,000.Cincinnati Enquirer: "There is a rail-
road down South which has been oper-
ated for thirty years without killing a
passenger. It has been absorbed by a
larger enterprise, and the trains over
it will now probably run faster."Radium, the new metal, is an illu-
minant of great power. Half a pound
of it will make an ordinary-sized room
light as day for a million years. At
present the price of the metal is too
high for general use. One ounce is
worth \$1,000.Official encouragement of scientists
and inventors is a European custom
which this country might well imitate.
For the month of January alone the
British Royal Society was granted \$20,
000 to expend in prizes for discoveries
and inventions.Gen. B. M. Prentiss, who died at
Bethany, Mo., a few weeks since, was
one of the most resolute and daring
men produced by the Civil War. He
was careful of his men, but an utter
stranger to fear. His title of "The
Hero of Shiloh" was well deserved.
After he came out of the war the flag
was his idol.Here is an organization that might be
imitated in other cities: Nearly a hun-
dred actors, clergymen and laymen
organized recently the Boston Chapter
of the Actors' Church Alliance. It al-
ready has 129 members, twenty of
them clergymen, and its object is de-
clared to be a common effort on the
part of stage folk and church people
to help one another and humanity.In an address before the Young
Women's Christian Association of New
York, Bishop Potter said the crusade
for better physical and moral condi-
tions was not confined to New York
City, but was going on the world over.
"I should, perhaps, except Boston,"
said the Bishop, "which seems to exist
in such an atmosphere of lofty virtue
that it has no need for a John the Bap-
tist crying in the wilderness."The Celtic steamship, to be finished
and launched this summer, will be the
largest vessel on the oceans. It will
have a displacement of 33,000 tons,
nearly 5,000 tons greater than the largest
steamship now afloat; a half-dozen
long railway trains can be carried by
her, and she will be able to provide for
nearly 2,500 passengers, almost an
army brigade, and Capt. Ismay expects
to see an even greater than the Celtic
built within a year or two.When ex-Congressman Culberson, of
Texas, was in Detroit, Mich., he was
out of sorts and took a Turkish bath,
to no good purpose, and then confided
the following to the hotel clerk: "Now,
if I were at home, my wife would get
out a piece of flannel, and my mother-
in-law—who is an angel—would make
me a horrible mixture of vinegar,
onion, suet and mullen. I would be put
to bed, and when I woke up I would be
well. It is a horrible mixture, but I
wish I was at home."Judge Baldwin of Iowa, in closing his
oration at Des Moines on John Mar-
shall, said: "Marshall was as good, if
not as great, a patriot as Washington;
wiser, if not as talented, as Hamilton;
nobler, if not as clever, as Jefferson;
and for purity, truth and justice his
star glitters the brightest in that con-
stellation. I venture this sentiment
for this day and occasion—the Consti-
tution of the United States. It was a
growth rather than a creation, and not
the work of any one man, but Mar-
shall was its Expounder, Webster its
Defender, Lincoln Its Preserver, and
Eternity its Keeper."

ALL ABOUT CAMPHOR.

Whence It Comes and How It Is Pro-
duced."Where does this come from?" asked
Sandy McLaurin, picking a block of
camphor out of a jar that stood on the
counter.The druggist at the corner near
Sandy's home was a good friend to all
the boys, and they liked to ask him
questions."Camphor? That's a long story."
The speaker and questioner sat down
behind the prescription counter. "Have
you ever noticed that row of lindens
down on Fourth Street, near the gram-
mar school? Well, the tree that pro-duces camphor looks very much like
any one of those. It grows in China,
Japan, and other parts of eastern Asia.
Occasionally a camphor-tree becomes
so old and so large that it is a veritable
landmark. In 1691, for instance, a tra-
veler in Japan described a tree which
he found that was thirty-five feet about
the trunk. Almost a century and a
half later the same tree was said by
another traveler to be fifty feet around.
"Did your grandmother ever make
you take a few drops of spirit of cam-
phor? You know what a fiery taste it
has, then. You wouldn't think that
camphor and the cinnamon sticks that
you like so well are first cousins; but
they belong to the same botanical fam-
ily.""If you take one of the shiny green
leaves from a camphor-tree and rub it
gently between two stones, you smell
the same odor as comes to you when
you take the lid off a camphor-jar.
Every part of the tree contains its part
of the gum, but the bulk of it comes
from the root, trunk, and branches.
The first step is to reduce a tree to
chips, and these are put into iron ves-
sels having a cone-shaped cover lined
with rice straw. Then the vessels are
heated, and the camphor is driven out
of the chips. Do you know what I
mean when I use the word 'volatile'?
No? Well, a thing is volatile that seems
to fly off in the air. Now, camphor is
volatile; it is capable of being changed
into vapor. When heat is applied to the
iron vessels the camphor is volatilized,
but it condenses almost at once; that
is, it is changed to a multitude of tiny
little lumps of solid camphor, which
fasten themselves on the straw that
lines the cover. It is then scraped
from the straw, refined and pressed in-
to blocks.""Is camphor used for anything but
medicine and to keep off moths?" asked
Sandy."I was just coming to that. Strange
as it may seem, we can get a substance
from it that looks almost like ivory—
hard and beautifully white. Go out to
the first show-case on the left, and
bring me a white comb and one of those
hand-mirrors with a white back."Sandy looked puzzled as he obeyed.
"This material," tapping the back of
the mirror, "is called celluloid, and it is
made from camphor and cotton. It is
used for hair-brushes, soap-boxes,
knife-handles, and many other articles.
In another field we find that it plays
its part in changing the map of the
world or shaping the destiny of a na-
tion. Camphor is used in making
smokeless gunpowder. Our country
certainly learned the value of it in the
summer of '98.""Why," Sandy ventured, "I should
think, with all the big armies every-
where, that most of the camphor would
be used for powder.""A great deal of it is. That is why
camphor has been so dear for a number
of years past.""Couldn't tar camphor be used?"
"Oh, no! Tar camphor is really not
camphor at all, though somebody dis-
covered, about twelve years ago, that
it would take the place of camphor in
preventing the ravages of moths. For
many years it was thrown away; it was
a puzzle to get rid of it. It comes,
in a roundabout way, from bituminous
coal. When this kind of coal is heated
in a certain way it is split up into gas
(used for lighting), a heavy, black
liquid (coal-tar), and coke; and it is
from the coal-tar that tar camphor is
made. I couldn't begin to tell you all
about coal-tar in one night, Sandy.
Some other time we'll talk about it
again."—St. Nicholas.

Disposing of Hearts by Will.

It was a common thing in olden days
for a testator to dispose of his heart by
will. Edward I., of England, left direc-
tions for the burial of his heart in the
Holy Land; the famous Earl of Millent
and Leicester, who flourished in the
early part of the twelfth century, be-
queathed his heart to an hospital at
Brockley, where he desired it to be pre-
served in salt; a sister-in-law of Henry
III., who died at Berkhamstead in
1230, ordered her heart to be sent in a
silver cup to the Abbot of Tewkesbury,
who was enjoined to bury it before the
high altar. In modern times such testa-
mentary directions have been extreme-
ly rare. The late Marquis of Bute,
whose relatives have gone to Palestine
to fulfil his desire for the interment of
his heart on the Mount of Olives, is the
only testator in recent years who has
expressed such a wish. An English
gentleman of the name of Whitehead,
who died towards the close of the last
century, bequeathed his heart to Lord
Le Despencer, "to be deposited in his
mausoleum at West Wycombe," and
his strange bequest was carried out
with much solemnity.

Jay Gould's Timely Hint.

"I called upon Jay Gould once to ask
him for a rule that would bring me suc-
cess in my work," said Edward Boyer,
principal of one of the finest grammar
schools in New York city. "Every one
who knew Jay Gould knew that he was
a preoccupied man—that his thoughts
were usually far away from the present
scene. I was introduced to him by a
friend, but I felt that he was scarcely
conscious of my presence. We had
planned to make some startling remark
to attract his attention; and, as I did so,
the great financier looked at me for a
second as if he saw me for the first
time. Then I put my important ques-
tion. 'What is your business?' he asked,
as quick as a flash. 'I am a school-
master,' I replied. 'Then let other peo-
ple do the work.' The advice was to
the point, and has proved itself inval-
uable."—Success.

Longevity in Scotland.

Three score and ten years is the
Palmist's measure of life, but in
Cathness, Scotland, a man of 70, un-
less married, is described as a lad, or
by his brother of 90 as a boy.

WOMEN

THE ART OF HAPPINESS.

ONE of the most pathetic things in life is the frantic human desire for happiness, and yet the easiness with which we acquiesce in melancholy. We are like a blind man who starts out hunting he knows not for what treasure, going he knows not whither, and after blundering following a false clue, folds his hands and gives up the quest. This is particularly true of women, except that women seldom have the courage of their desires, and do not even attempt to search for happiness. When one is happy she has been born happy, or had happiness thrust upon her. She rarely achieves happiness for herself.

It must be confessed that women generally look upon happiness pretty much as they do a lottery ticket. It's big luck if things come your way and you draw the prize, but you deserve no credit for winning, or blame for losing. It doesn't occur to them that there is an art of being happy that they might learn just as they learned to play the piano or paint in water colors. Perhaps woman has been confirmed in this attitude by the opinion of the rest of the world that has always allotted her the shadows instead of the sunshine. Poetry and romance are full of women's tears, and so entirely has the whole sex been doomed to melancholy that we have come to look upon a gay woman—one who laughs instead of smiles—with a certain degree of suspicion.

This is all great nonsense. There is no virtue in a person going about in the doleful dumps all the time, and the most hopeful and inspiring work the new woman can set herself is to study the art of being happy. We have been finding out in the last few years that women have given in to many things, believing them to be the immutable decrees of fate, that were the result of nothing but their own stupidity, and that all that was needed to change them was a slight effort.

There was a time when we recoiled ourselves to sickness as a mysterious dispensation of Providence. Now we know that it is generally bad plumbing and unbolled water, and a lack of knowledge of the laws of health, and there's not one sickly woman where there used to be a dozen. So it was with poverty. When a woman was left without money she tamely gave in and settled down on some of her relatives to eat the bitter bread of dependence the balance of her life. Now she hustles out and makes a living for herself, and in many cases her last estate is more prosperous than her first.

Men display far more sense on this subject than women do. If a man let his clerks' shortcomings and mistakes worry him as much as a woman lets her servants, he would be in the hands of a doctor with nervous prostration half the time. If he borrowed as much trouble about the outcome of every business venture as his wife does over the way a company dinner will turn out, he would be a raving lunatic inside of a week, and if he had the same amount of apprehension as to whether he could meet every note in bank as she feels as to whether the baby will get the measles, he would end his troubles by committing suicide.

Even in the great sorrows that tear a man's heart as much as they do a woman's he shows his greater wisdom. He goes out among his fellows where there is something to distract his mind from the dull ache of loss. She stays at home, shrugs herself in crepe and broods. Happily for us all, a better understanding of these matters is coming to us, and it may be that the next great discovery women make will be that there is no use in giving in to melancholy without at least making a fight for happiness.—New Orleans Picayune.

Woman Inventor.

Dr. M. J. Alsbaun, M. E., of New York, is a woman who has made a name for herself as an inventor in the field of electrical appliances. She has patented an electric roller and several useful devices, and has just won more extended fame as a joint inventor with Captain Just of the Just-Alsbaun submarine torpedo, which



DR. M. J. ALSBAUN, eminent authorities at Washington and in European capitals declare to be the most deadly weapon of naval warfare yet invented. The Alsbaun torpedo has several new points about it, the details of which are as yet secrets between the inventors and the naval officers who made the tests. It propels itself and is charged with a new explosive, which is said to be the most deadly on record. Broadly speaking, the torpedo is built in two sections. It is so arranged that just before striking the object at which it is aimed it separates into two parts, one of which strikes above the water line and explodes, while the other and larger part keeps on beneath the surface and does its deadly work below the water line.

Gowns as Medicine.

There used to be a silly notion that a woman who spent much time or money on her clothes was frivolous, while a man was supposed to be quite beyond the necessity of doing more than cover his nakedness. We are learning better, and, despite the fact that you can point to a hundred and one poets and

philosophers who have done good work in old clothes, it is true that the average person will do better work if he is well, and to a degree fashionably dressed. And to return to my first proposition. The ill woman will help herself mightily if she remembers how big a part dress plays in determining her physical and mental condition. If you have a headache and are suffering from nerves, even if you have a more real pain, such as neuralgia or the toothache, and are able to be about at all, don't go around the house in your oldest wrapper, with your hair down. Rather put on a bright frock and brush your hair, as if you were expecting company; and this bright outside, combined with the effort to look cheerful, will go far toward helping you out of your pit of darkness; and, though it won't cure pain, you will be surprised to find how many pains and little illnesses it will lighten and lessen.—Friedrika Miller in Woman's Home Companion.

Superintends Great Mills.

Miss Belle McKinnon, of Little Falls, N. Y., has the unique distinction of being the only woman in the country who is successfully serving as the superintendent of a big manufacturing plant. Her brother is the proprietor of five large mills at Little Falls, employing in the aggregate more than 1,200 hands. The MISS McKinnon mills are filled with complicated machinery, with all of which Miss McKinnon is said to be thoroughly familiar. She is in direct charge of the daily working of the plant, and spends her days visiting the different departments, consulting with the foremen and making suggestions for the improvement of their work. Miss McKinnon is a graduate of the Albany Normal College, and had a thorough training before she undertook her present duties.



How to Ventilate a Room.

But in spite of this constant changing, by natural renewal from outside, it is a good idea to give a quick and complete change once a day to the air of living rooms, smoking rooms, bedrooms and dining rooms. This is best effected by opening windows that will make a direct draft—keeping in mind that a few minutes only are required to accomplish the purpose. Make this change of air when a room is to be vacated for say fifteen minutes, which will give time for somewhat heating the cold air taken in. For the sick room a fireplace is the safest ventilator, lacking which adroit management or devices (too elaborate to be here detailed) will secure a proper atmosphere. In a large house with few occupants this clean sweeping out of stale air need be resorted to but rarely, as sweeping days, the natural renewal from the cracks and crevices, with the opening of doors from goings and comings, are sufficient.—Ella Morris Kreischmar, in the Woman's Home Companion.

Woman Collects Taxes.

Municipalities which are complaining that many of their citizens evade the payment of their



just proportion of taxes might do well to take a lesson from the experience of the Borough of Mount Joy, Pa. For the last three years Miss Mary Kuhn has been elected tax collector of the borough, and it is declared that since she has occupied the office every cent of taxes has been collected and promptly turned over to the proper authorities. Under the administration of previous collectors a number of people have evaded the payment of their taxes in one way or another.

Helps to Marry.

Miss Nora Blackburn is the only regularly appointed woman deputy county clerk in Michigan, who serves in the office in St. Joseph. She is barely 17 years of age, is a graduate of the Eau Claire high school, and is an exceptionally bright young lady. Miss Blackburn, during her official term of office, has issued more marriage licenses, perhaps, than any other woman in the United States.



How to Renovate Velvet.

French chalk rubbed in lightly will remove grease spots from velvet; or the chalk may be dropped on and allowed to remain for twelve hours. To restore the pile on velvet hold it very taut over the steam from a pan of boiling water, keeping the right side on top and having someone beside you to brush the pile up with a stiff whisk until it looks as it should. If this part of the work is carefully done the results will be most satisfactory.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Collars for Summer Gowns.

Deep round lace collars or collars of fine embroidered batiste will be in demand for summer gowns later on, says Toilettes. The latest bolero, cut low, shows several circular collars, and any sort of collar in Louis XIII. style is a timely accessory.

HER NAME OR HIS?

SHALL SHE BE MRS. JOHN OR MRS. MARY?

One of the Dilemmas that Confront the Married Woman—Maiden Names Preferred by Those Who Succeed in Life for Themselves.

What shall be a married woman's name? This is the question one of the women's papers has been trying to answer for its readers. Shall a married woman take her husband's name and drop her own, being known as Mrs. John Smythe Rogers? Or shall she keep her maiden name in full, and add to it that of her husband, writing herself as Mrs. Mary Jones Rogers? Or shall the wife and husband unite their names and call themselves Jones-Rogers? Or shall the woman keep strictly to her own name, discarding entirely that of her husband, and call herself Mary Jones or Mrs. Mary Jones? These are the possibilities offered in the way of a woman's name, and they ought to satisfy the ambition of even the most individualistic college graduate of this opening year of a new century.

That not many women care to retain their own name without taking that of their husband simply shows how powerful is social custom. It might be said that it indicated that women are wanting in individuality, but such an assertion can have little weight in view of the fact that a social tradition reaching back for thousands of years practically settles what shall be the form of a woman's name. Few women have the time or the energy or the courage to battle with an established rule of this kind, and the number of men cannot be much larger. If it were they would wage the battle for the women, which they now show no inclination for doing.

However, there are not wanting indications that women are gaining in individuality, a fact that is shown by the increasing number who do not wish to lose their maiden names when they are married. Yet there also seems to be an increase in the number of women who respect the conventions of society and merge their names in those of their husbands. If John Smith is a prominent man in business or politics or literature it is natural that his wife should wish to have the social advantage of his popularity. If she calls herself Mrs. John Smith it serves not only to identify her in the minds of all who know her husband, but it adds to her social standing and position. That most business men and politicians would take advantage of such an opportunity ought to excite the women for so doing.

Why should a woman wish to abandon her own name, that has become identified with her personality and that is in a real sense a part of her individual self? The fact seems to be that as soon as women make a place for themselves in the world they do not desire to abandon their maiden names. Professional singers, actresses, artists and others refuse to give up what has become identified with their successes. This increased sense of personality that identifies itself with a name known to the public and that has its professional and business value has no doubt its influence in causing women to refuse to marry. The popular idea of marriage, that merges the wife in the husband and in his children must have its influence on women who have sought to work out a career for themselves.

It is highly significant, however, that women should wish to keep their own names, not merely because they do not wish to marry, but because they have gained the vantage ground of the full recognition of personality. Is Mrs. Rogers herself, or is she merely an appendix to Mr. Rogers? Is she to speak in her own name, or must she always refer to "him" in order to know what to think? Perhaps suffrage for women is not gaining rapidly, but a vast change has been brought about in the last half-century in the recognition of the individuality of woman. The women who quote "him" are growing small in number and the women who have opinions of their own are rapidly increasing. In the meantime marriage does not go on quite so smoothly as formerly, simply because the husband is no longer "lord and master," and two wills must be reconciled instead of one being ignored.

In due time, however, when the transition has been made to the full recognition of individuality in woman, it will be found that marriage has become more ideal and happier. That women will ever go back to the old submissive way, having once tasted freedom, it is not to be supposed. Therefore, marriage must henceforth be a real partnership of two personalities or else women will more and more refuse to marry.—Boston Transcript.

LOOK JUST LIKE A FOREST.

Tribes of India that Escape the Police by a Novel Method.

Some of the Indian tribes over which Great Britain rules give a great deal of trouble, notably the Mahsuds, though it is pleasing to learn that they are at last being brought to something like order and are paying the fine lately imposed upon them as well as agreeing to cease their raids.

The Mahsuds, however, are not by any means the worst of the Indian robber tribes, that unenviable distinction probably falling to the Bhils, who are the cleverest scoundrels in the world, both in their methods of acquiring other people's property and in evading pursuit. They are very fond of their skill in pilfering and openly boast of it. One of them once told a British officer that he could steal the blanket from under him and was promptly challenged to show his ability.

That night, when the officer was fast

asleep, the Bhil robber cut a hole in his tent, crept noiselessly in and gently tickled the hands and feet of the sleeping man. The officer stirred uneasily and turned over. In this way the Bhil was able to pull the blanket out a little way. By repeating this performance he finally succeeded in "coaxing" the blanket completely from under the sleeper.

When engaged in his nefarious little games the Bhil wears hardly any clothing and his little body is rubbed with oil to facilitate escape from any would-be captors. When hotly pursued by the British troops the robbers make use of a very clever device. They conceal their scant clothing under their small round shields and scatter them about to resemble stone or boulders. Then picking up a few twigs—if there are any to be had—they assume all sorts of grotesque attitudes, their almost fleshless limbs silhouetted against the dark night sky closely resembling the charred limbs of a tree. Absolutely motionless, they hold their positions till the enemy has passed them.

In this way a British subaltern in charge of a party sent to capture some Bhils was considerably startled one evening. The pursuit had completely lost sight of the robbers and finally the party drew rein by a clump of gnarled and bent trunks, tired and hot from their hard exertions. The officer in charge took off his hat and placed it on the end of a broken limb, when instantly there was a wild scream of laughter and the tree trunks suddenly came to life and vanished in the darkness.

DOGS THAT LOVE MUSIC.

Maryland Farmer Satisfied that Their Howls and Whines Mean Approval.

Robert Wickes, one of the most ardent lovers of dogs in Maryland, who constantly keeps a large kennel of fox hounds, water dogs and diminutive pets, several years ago entertained visitors to his home with what he termed his "canine orchestra." Provided with an accordion, violin, and several other instruments, the members of Mr. Wickes' household commenced an evening air in the dining-room of his home. Immediately the dogs crowded to the door of the kitchen and set up their whines of approval, or even delight. When admitted into the room they crowd around the players and indulge in a most novel performance until either they are tired out or the musicians are forced to suspend playing from sheer exhaustion. Their whining is solemn when some dragging air is played, but a veritable bedlam is reached when the quick strains of the "Fisher's Hornpipe" are played. That their sensations are those of pleasure and not of discomfort is unmistakably shown by the fact that they can scarcely be forced from the room so long as the music continues.

In the old high-ceiling country kitchen the writer has seen mice steal out and become quite tame in response to the performance of some old negro fiddler, who, apart from his perfect time, succeeded in drawing but little music from the dilapidated violin, though, of course, the sounds are musical.

There is no reason, too, to believe that dogs, like human beings, are not all appealed to by exactly the same sounds. What will attract the notice of and call forth the deep bass howl of the mastiff or the Chesapeake Bay water dog may not appeal to the household pet or the farmyard cur or fox hound, and vice versa.

PUT THE MULE ON SNOWSHOES

Plan by Which the Mail Was Carried Through Big Drifts in Maine.

It is said that the late Jock Darling, the most noted hunter and trapper ever known in Maine, once brought a young deer out of the deep snows of the woods by fitting snowshoes to its feet, and there have been instances of dogs wearing the moosehide, but not until this winter, so far as the records show, did any one in that part of the world ever see a mule on snowshoes.

The snow was only an ordinary fall, but the gale that succeeded it piled up big drifts, shutting out many towns from all communication with the outside world. Bingham, in Somerset county, had been without mail for a week when, on Wednesday evening, the mail carrier, Henry Caswell, arrived from The Forks with four sacks slung over a mule's back.

The mule, Pete, is a diminutive animal, tough and strong, but going as mules generally go, utterly unable to wade through the high ridges of snow between The Forks and Bingham. So Caswell, after studying the situation a bit, decided to fit snowshoes to Pete. The plan worked all right and the little mule, seeming to appreciate the situation, allowed the shoes to be fitted without objection.

The shoes were made of oak frames, woven with stout moosehide, about half the width worn by men and without the usual long shank behind. Pete came along on his snowshoes as well as Caswell on his, and the two were welcomed with shouts of approval by the people of Bingham. The return journey of twenty-four miles was made in the same way.

Petticoats of Mail Bags.

The empty English mail bags not having been returned from the Congo for some time it was found on inquiry that the sacks were regularly being stolen by the natives for presentation to their wives, who used them as petticoats.

Journals of Forestry.

England has no journal of forestry. Germany has several, one of which is in its seventy-sixth year.

The women are making their biscuits smaller every day in order that they may compliment their own cooking by telling how many their husbands ate.

IN THE REALM OF RELIGION



ment! It is a progress unequalled in all history and an originality without a parallel in the world of thought.

Deferred Duty.

A thought, swift-winged and holy,
Came into my heart one day;
I was "too busy" to heed it,
And the sweet thing fled away.

A word, uplifting and helpful,
I had on my lips to say;
A sad one lingered to hear it,
But finally went his way.

A good deed, kindly and noble,
Waited some strong, willing hands;
But my hands were "full already,"
To do it would "spoil my plans."

So, the kindly thought unheeded,
And the tender word unsaid,
With the deed that found no doer,
Past all my recalling sped.

A soft voice within me whispers:
"You'll meet them again some day;
Some day you must tell the reason
They slipped—so fruitless away."

"And learn," said the voice within me,
"Learn now, ere it be too late,
To love and to help with swiftness;
For God's errands will not wait."
—Mrs. J. F. Harris.

The Highest Joy.

God has designed that we should find our highest joy in doing our best to serve others. Pleasing as it is to the Christian to experience the joy of the Holy Ghost, yet it ought to be evermore remembered that no large measure of his joy can be resident in one's heart for any considerable length of time unless one will engage in serving unselfishly his fellow-men in such ways as the Holy Ghost shall direct. We see repeated statements in the New Testament of the swelling joy of the apostles and disciples, and it is very noticeable that such joy grew out of their doing what their Lord told them to perform. It was when they were making the joy of others the chief object of their own pursuit that they themselves experienced the highest and most abundant joy.—Zion's Herald.

Life's Highest Success.

If our lives are failures it will not be because we do not reach the sphere which we had set before our ambition, but because we do not perform the duties of that sphere in which God has kept us. He ordaineth our lot and to serve Him faithfully where He has placed us is life's highest success.

Not Always a Matter of Years.

Nearly forty years' experience in the practice of medicine, writes Dr. H. C. Wood, in the Philadelphia Medical Journal, has very firmly convinced me that as the human race has a general period, after which tissue changes take place, resulting in "death from old age," so do not only individuals but families have an allotted time. There are men whose tissues are not as senile when they are eighty years of age as others are at seventy, or others at sixty, or even at fifty or forty. I have seen the almost complete extinction of two generations of certain families by the death from senility of the various members when between thirty and forty years of age; as the deaths in these cases were the result of changes in the tissues, commonly called "senile," it is just as correct to say that the subjects died of old age, though they were perhaps only thirty-five years old, as it is to say that certain other persons have died of old age at 75 years of age. It seems to me a matter of very grave importance for the purpose of prognosis and practical treatment, that the medical practitioner should recognize that old age may commence at any time in life. Some of the so-called cases of neurasthenia are in fact only instances of premature senility; hence their hopelessness.

Calming Lighthouses.

Take half a bushel of unslacked lime, slack it with boiling water, cover during the process to keep in steam, strain the liquid through a fine sieve or strainer and add to it a peck of salt, previously dissolved in warm water, three pounds of ground rice boiled to a thin paste and stirred in while hot, half a pound of Spanish whiting and one pound of clean glue, previously dissolved by soaking in cold water, and then hanging over a slow fire in a small pot hung in a larger one filled with water. Add five gallons of hot water to the mixture, stir well and let stand a few days, covered from dirt. It should be applied hot, for which purpose it can be kept in a kettle or portable furnace.

The east end of the president's house at Washington is embellished by this brilliant whitewash. It is used by the government to whitewash lighthouses. A pint of this wash mixture if properly applied will cover one square yard, and will be almost as serviceable as paint for wood, brick or stone, and is much cheaper than the cheapest paint. Coloring matter may be added as desired.

Egyptian Reed Pens.

The Egyptian reed, which was used for making the pens found in Egyptian tombs, is a hard variety, growing to about the diameter of an ordinary goose quill. Pens made from it are said to last for a day or two and do excellent work.

Automobile Slot Machines.

The newest thing in the slot-machine line is a machine that charges the storage batteries of automobiles. By connecting the automobiles to the machine and dropping a quarter in the slot the batteries may be charged in a few minutes.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1901.

We have received the first issue of The Times, printed and published at San Mateo, by R. A. Thompson. The first issue is all right in every respect and if Brother Thompson "keeps up his lick" the good people of San Mateo will have "no kick coming."

The dispatches credit the Cubans with having refused to accept the Platt amendment. If Cuba desires independence she will reach it much sooner by accepting the conditions named by the Congress of the United States. Cuba needs the friendship of this big country and cannot maintain an independent island government without it.

It goes with the saying that all our citizens desire the growth and development of our little town. Put the question to any resident as to whether he prefers a modern thriving town here to a horse ranch or cow pasture and he would feel insulted that any one should doubt his loyalty to his town.

And yet, when we see herds of cattle and bands of horses running loose through the streets and upon all the unfenced lots and down into the business portion of the town, running our sidewalks into nuisances and making it dangerous for a small child to go outside the door, one is disposed to think our people want to get back to the primitive state and have this town a free range for horses, cattle, goats and hogs.

The conditions in this respect could not be worse and are certainly anything but encouraging to the building of homes and improvement and adornment of grounds.

There is neither a poundkeeper nor a pound in the First Township, and this fact accounts in a large measure for the conditions herein referred to.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

The regular army men say that Funston's act in capturing Aguinaldo was "irregular." Regular army soldiers to the number of 60,000 have been trying for two years to capture Aguinaldo in the "regular" way. Funston did it with eighty men in seven days. We believe we like the "irregular" way the best.—Atchison Globe.

ENGLISH MONARCHS.

Death Often Unkind in the Manner of Their Taking Off.

Of the monarchs who have reigned over England since the days of the Norman conquest nearly one-quarter of the number have met violent death. William I was killed by a fall from his horse. William II was shot while hunting, whether by accident or design is still one of the unsolved problems of history. Richard I was killed by a shaft from a crossbow while besieging the city of Chalus, in France. Richard II was murdered in Pontefract castle. Edward II was murdered in Berkeley castle, and Edward V in the Tower of London. Richard III was killed on the battlefield of Bosworth and Charles I had his head cut off in London.

Elizabeth's death was hastened by remorse that she had ordered the execution of Essex, and her sister Mary sickened and died soon after the loss of Calais, declaring that the name of the city would be found after death written on her heart. The death of Edward III's son, the Black Prince, caused the aged monarch to die of grief. So, after the loss of his son in the White Ship, Henry I was never seen to smile again and lived only a short time. Henry VI and George III were insane during the latter years of their reigns and finally died from what in these days would be called paresis. Charles II, Henry VIII, Edward IV and George IV hastened their deaths by the dissipated and sensual lives they lived. Only two monarchs died of that great national scourge, consumption; they were Edward VI and Henry VII. Queen Anne's death was due as much as anything else to overfeeding. Only two monarchs, Henry VI and George III, died after long illnesses.

The first export of cotton from this country was in 1785, in which year one bag was sent from Charleston to Liverpool, while 12 were sent from Philadelphia and one from New York.

MIKE QUICK TO LEARN.

So Says a Maine Man Who Finds Them Interesting Pets.

Out on Forest avenue is a mouse fancier whose residence, lest he lose caste with his neighbors, is withheld. In a pen he has a dozen or so ordinary field mice.

"They are the most sociable pets I ever had," he remarked, "and any one of them will rise to attention as he hears my step approach the pen. I have had these young ones about six months. They don't live long when cooped up, and they will come freely to my hand to eat or drink. Some of them are so tame that they will climb to my shoulder and display not the slightest alarm at being touched. They haven't acquired so much faith in all humanity, however, and have refused to trust any one else so far.

"While mice eat a great deal for an animal so small when food is abundant, they can exist for a surprising long time with next to nothing. Any one whose house has been invaded with mice and who had passed weary weeks when everything that possibly could serve as food was carefully under lock and key, finally calling to service an active ferret, will appreciate this fact. He is a mighty aggressive and tireless forager after food, not hesitating at walls or similar obstructions, through which he patiently gnaws a path. As a test of persistence in this line I hung a basket of food from the ceiling by a rope and after a week's fast placed a mouse at a hole in the ceiling above the basket. He descended some eight feet or more on a slender cord and safely reached his haven, later climbing up again.

"All of my mice I have taken from nests about the premises and notice that they invariably seek shelter below or behind something, never in so exposed a locality as almost any other animal would select. For a nest paper, cloth or any soft material seems to satisfy, and the exceeding fineness with which it is chopped suggests some mighty artistic work with their teeth."

—Portland Express.

Olives.

The olive tree in its wild state is a thorny shrub or small tree, but when cultivated becomes a tree 20 to 40 feet high, with no thorns. It lives to a good age. The leaves resemble those of a willow, the flowers are small and white and grow in clusters as grapes do, and the fruit is greenish, whitish, violet or even black in color and generally oval in shape. It is produced in great profusion, so that an old olive tree becomes very valuable to its owner.

Among the Greeks the olive was sacred to Minerva, the goddess of wisdom. It was also the emblem of purity. A crown of olive twigs was the highest honor that could be bestowed upon a Greek citizen. An olive branch was also the symbol of peace, and the vanquished who came to beg for peace bore olive branches in their hands.

The American olive is remarkable for the hardness of its wood. It is found as far north as Virginia. Its fruit is fit for use, and its flowers are fragrant.

The fragrant olive of China and Japan has extremely fragrant flowers, which are used for flavoring tea.

Polite Erie Commuters.

A stranger who had an appointment to meet a friend in the Chambers street ferry house, which is used by Erie commuters, was greatly puzzled the other afternoon by the actions of the men who passed the ticket taker's window. Nearly three-fourths of them took their hats off to the ticket taker in the most polite style.

The stranger thought that possibly the ticket taker's wife was in the box with him, and he went back to look again. There was no one in the box save the ticket taker, who looked good natured, but not imposing. When his friend arrived, the stranger said:

"Is that the president of the Erie road in that box?"

"Certainly not. Why do you ask such a question?"

"Why, every man who passes him takes his hat off, gives him a marching salute and walks on."

The friend smiled pityingly at the stranger's ignorance and said it was a trick of the Erie commuters to carry their tickets in the crown of their hats. They took their hats off so that the agent might see the ticket.—New York Sun.

Then He Hurried Up.

He was too modest to be a successful lover, and he had let 40 years of his life go by without ever coming to an emotional point.

He was in love with a fair being of suitable age, but he would not tell her so, and though she knew it she could not very well give him a hint about the situation.

She was willing because she had arrived at that time of life when a woman is not nearly so hard to please as she might have been at some other time, but he was stupid and went away without a word.

He was gone a long, long time, and when he came back he found her still ready.

"I have come back after many years," he said to her as he took her hand in greeting.

She had learned something in the years since she had seen him last.

"Well, for goodness' sake, Henry," she exclaimed fervidly, "why don't you take them? I'm 35 now. How many more years do you want?"

Then a great light shone upon him, and he did not wait for any more.—London Answers.

Better Than Making a Note.

"Just before Badmun was sent to prison he bought a set of books to be paid for in installments."

"What did he do that for?"

"He said it would make the time seem shorter."—Chicago Tribune.

FIGHTING A WILDCAT.

AN ADVENTURE THAT MADE ONE MAN SHY OF THAT KIND OF BEAST.

He Is Willing to Go a Long Way Around to Avoid Feroocious Animals, Even Though Science Says They Will Flee at Man's Approach.

"I have read in the papers certain scientific assertions that no wild animal will voluntarily attack or pursue a human being, but that, on the contrary, the fiercest of them, as tradition and the tales of woodsmen classify them, will make haste to escape the possible sight of man, unless, in desperate cases, hunger may urge it to approach him, its most dreaded foe, such cases being extremely rare," said a matter of fact and veracious New York business man.

"If that is so, I had a little experience once with a wild animal that must have been the most desperately hungry beast that ever longed for food. The occurrence was in northwestern Pennsylvania, where one winter I had some business that called me ten miles from the county town to one of the backwoods districts. It was late in the afternoon when I started on my return to the village. The way was over a lonely, narrow, crooked mountain road, bordered by deep woods much of the distance. Toward dusk, as I was rounding a short turn in the road, my horse, which had a good deal of spirit, shied suddenly and sprang forward on a furious run.

"At the same instant an animal with glaring eyes plumped down from somewhere and landed in the sleigh at my feet. It had evidently leaped from a tree at the horse, the quick movements of which nervous animal had defeated that purpose, and the attacking animal had alighted with its fore feet on the robe that lay across my lap. It glared furiously at me, with its face not more than two feet away, as it clung to the robe with its sharp claws, growling fiercely. I had never seen a wildcat, but I knew instantly and instinctively that I had one to deal with here, and it seemed to be a very large and savage one at that. I had no weapon, but fortunately the whip that stood in its socket on the dashboard was loaded at the butt.

"Clinging to the reins with my left hand—the horse was running away—I quickly drew the whip from the socket and struck the wildcat on the head with the heavy butt. That caused the animal to loosen its hold on the robe and drop into the snow at the side of the sleigh, but the agile and furious beast was up in the fraction of a second and with one bound sprang on the back of the sleigh, which had a low body.

"Although the horse was running madly away along the narrow and crooked road, throwing the sleigh from side to side and threatening it constantly with destruction against some rock or stump, I was obliged to drop the reins and leave the result of the runaway to chance, for the wildcat was struggling desperately to gain a foothold in the sleigh and fight me at close quarters. I knew that if the sleigh should happen to come into collision with any obstacle heavy enough to wreck it I would be no match for the catamount, now wrought to the utmost ferocity, fighting it on the slipping snow, even if I were unharmed by the collision, so I strained every nerve to conquer the determined beast while I still possessed the advantage of foothold in the sleigh.

"Once I thought it was all up with me, for as the sleigh was carried abruptly round a short turn in the road by the speeding horse one runner struck a stone or a root, and the sleigh careened and ran at least 50 feet on the other runner alone. I mechanically threw the weight of my body toward the upper side of the sleigh, all the time raining rapid blows on the head of the wildcat with the butt of the whip, and forced the sleigh down to its balance on both runners again. A few more blows after that, and I was rejoiced to see the determined and tenacious beast first loosen one claw, hang for a second or so by the other, while it tried to seize the top of the back of the sleigh again with its teeth, and then tumble to the road and lie motionless in the snow.

"I dropped back on the seat limp and weak and too much unnerved to make the least effort to obtain control of the runaway, which was still rushing wildly along the uncertain road, made still more uncertain by the gathering darkness. The horse ran at least three miles farther and then began to slow up and at last stopped half way up a long and steep hill from sheer exhaustion. I had by this time recovered sufficiently to take charge of the horse again and drive the rest of the way to the town, which wasn't far, and where I arrived with the horse covered with foam, a sleigh splintered and covered deep with scars and scratches made by the desperate wildcat and myself so badly used up by nervous shock that it was three days before I was able to get about again in anything like good condition. I never heard whether the wildcat was killed by my blows or not, but I have an idea he was. I hope so. Science may be all right in declaring that wild animals will hasten to flee at the very suspicion of man's approach, but if ever I am going anywhere and hear there are wildcats in that direction I'll go around some other way."—New York Press.

Early Silk Weavers.

Among the encouragements offered to silk weavers during the first century of the existence of this industry in Lyons was exemption from military service and taxation. So rapid was its development that in 1650 the weavers numbered 18,000, or 90,000 with affiliated pursuits.

A Legend of the Salty Sea.

There are hundreds of queer myths and traditions given to account for the fact that the sea is salt. The Arabs say that when the first pair sinned they were living in a beautiful garden on a tract of land joined to a mainland by a narrow neck or isthmus. When it became known to the Holy One that his people had sinned, he went to the garden for the purpose of driving them out and across the narrow neck of land into the patch of thorns and brambles on the other side. Anticipating what would be the consequence of their heinous crime, they had prepared to leave their beautiful garden and had actually gone so far as to send the children and goats across into the thicket.

When the Holy One appeared on the scene, the first pair started to run, but the woman looked back. For this the man cursed her and for such a crime was almost immediately turned into a block of salt. Compare with Genesis xix, 26. The woman, more forgiving than her husband, stooped to pick up the shapeless mass of salt, when immediately the narrow neck of land began to crack and break. As she touched what had once been her companion she, too, was turned to salt just as the neck of the land sank and the waters rushed through. From that day to this, the Arabs say, all the waters of the ocean have rushed through that narrow channel at least once a year, constantly wearing away the salt of what was once our first parents, yet the bulk of the two salty objects is not diminished in the least.

How General Butler Freed a Man.

General Butler's gift for springing out and taking advantage of every technicality was fully illustrated in the famous case of a respectfully connected man in Boston, who, being affected with a mania for stealing, was brought to trial on four indictments. General Butler was the prisoner's counsel. If the prisoner was convicted on all four indictments, he would be liable to imprisonment for 60 years. As the court was assembling General Butler agreed with the counsel for the prosecution that three indictments should be quashed on condition that the prisoner should plead guilty to the one which charged the theft of the greatest amount.

The prisoner, to his amazement, was ordered by his counsel to plead guilty. "Say guilty, sir," said the general sternly. The man obeyed, and the other three indictments were not pressed. But when the counsel for the prosecution moved for sentence General Butler pointed out a fatal flaw, manifest to every one when attention was called to it. In ten minutes the astonished prisoner was a free man. It is said that the court laughed at the ruse, the cleverness of which it was impossible not to admire.

Slandering the Cook.

Here is something that a woman who knows says is a sure diagnosis of the status of the cook. If you have a good cook, you may be more or less sure that she will look too frequently upon the wine when it is red. It is an unfortunate fact, but if the cook is less than a \$40 cook as little annoyance as possible may be expected from this weakness. Possibly it will never make itself manifest enough to be known above stairs. But if the cook has risen higher in the social scale of cooks than \$40, then look out. A cook who is rated at over \$40 may be expected to smash things.

If one chances to make a morning call at the house of a friend and discovers the servants crowded up stairs, frightened and trembling, while from below come the sounds of ironware skating across the kitchen and pottery crashing against the wall and between times the voice of the masculine head of the family gently expostulating or commanding in would be stern tones, then it may be known that that household has reached the dignity of a \$50 or \$60 cook.—New York Times.

Joe Manton's Pistols.

Joe Manton, the famous gunmaker, was crossing Hounslow heath when he was stopped by a highwayman. On hearing the summons to "stand and deliver" Manton recognized a pistol of his own make leveled at his head. "Why, confound it, you rascal," cried the indignant gunmaker, "I'm Joe Manton, and that's one of my pistols you've got. How dare you try to rob me?" "Oh, you're Joe Manton, are you?" said the highwayman coolly. "Well, you charged me 10 guineas for this brace of pistols, which I call a confounded swindle, though I admit they're a good pair of barkers. Now I mean to be quits with you. Hand me over 10 guineas, and I'll let you go because you're Joe Manton, though I know you have got \$50 at least about you."

Joseph swallowed his wrath and promptly paid the 10 guineas. But he never forgave the highwayman for getting a brace of his best pistols for nix, and he made himself a special double gun with barrels barely two feet long, which he always carried about with him afterward when traveling and christened "The Highwayman's Master." With this weapon I have heard that he subsequently shot a highwayman who stopped his chaise and mortally wounded him.—Kings of the Rod, Rifle and Guns.

The Rector's Prophecy.

A party of gentlemen, including Professor Bailey and Rector Roberts, a divine widely celebrated for his wit and the audacity of his puns, were crossing the campus of a well known university.

The reverend gentleman, commenting on the fact of his recent elevation to the greater dignity and the assumption of the more resounding title of a canon of the church, exclaimed, "And now that I am a canon I suppose I shall be a bigger bore than ever."

PAINTING BIG SIGNS.

ARTISTS WHO DEVOTE THEIR TALENT TO ADVERTISING PURPOSES.

Some of Them Have Had Years of Training in Drawing and Color Work, and Some Have Studied in Famous Old World Ateliers.

Although the vivid advertisements of the excellences of foods, ointments, clothing, all mechanical appliances known to man and a thousand other things never dreamed of in the philosophy of a hundred years ago are continually catching the eye and possibly shocking the artistic sensibilities of the beholder, few of the ordinary observers give a moment's question to the makers of advertisements. The advertising craze has grown of late to such huge and unlovely proportions that any brief account fails to explain its workings. The office of a large advertising concern is one of the busiest places in town. Artists are constantly appearing with designs for the firm, a small army of men with paint pots and brushes are hovering about waiting to be sent out, and everywhere are gay evidences of the results of all this labor.

"Who are the men that paint these 'heroic' pictures one sees on unused walls and lofty fences?" asked a reporter of one of the men who keeps these subordinates busy.

"They are not the people you think them, I fancy," was the answer. "Instead of being daubers, with about the ability necessary to wield a whitewash brush, our best men are real artists. By this I mean that many of them have had years of training in drawing and color work. Several of them have studied abroad in the ateliers of well known men. A man whom I saw painting a head on a wall yesterday is a night instructor in a Brooklyn art school. Recently one of our men painted on a large wall the biggest portrait ever attempted. He had studied five years in the Paris art schools."

"Why do they take up this work?" "The other doesn't pay. It's a case of 'commercialism in art.' They find that they can't make the real thing pay, so they come to this common calling. There's money in it. Why, our star painters get \$50 a week. The daubers, who put in backgrounds, don't earn more than \$10 or \$15 a week."

The men who paint the designs in various inaccessible and conspicuous places have with them small copies of the designs to be reproduced. Long experience makes them expert in accurately tracing the design upon the chosen surface. Although the familiar advertisements scattered over the city seem exactly alike and one face seems the exact counterpart of another, yet closer inspection will show various points of difference. In the case of a very familiar picture which is displayed from one end of the United States to the other, when it was first brought out one man was hired for the sole purpose of painting that one design, and to do this he traveled from Maine to California.

"Not the least of our difficulties," said the advertising man, "is finding places to put our signs. We hire men who do nothing else but go about and obtain permission from owners to put up billboards on their premises, use a vacant wall or decorate a fence or a roof. It needs great tact to do this. When there are objections, they must be overcome, and after this is done the owner often gets the idea that his available space is worth thousands of dollars to us and to him. The experiences of advertising men among farmers and tramps would make a mighty interesting book."

"Why do you say tramps?"

"Oh, the tramps are our worst enemies. They build fires behind our billboards and burn them or else tear them down out of sheer wantonness."

When asked about the price a blank brick wall in a conspicuous part of New York would bring to its owner if he let it for advertising purposes, the advertising man laughed and said he could not tell that, but he did not mind saying that he was now paying \$6,000 a year rent for a wall in the middle of the shopping district. "This is not an unusual sum to pay," he added, "for such prominent positions."

Advertising firms are liberal subscribers to all art magazines, particularly to those French art periodicals which display the newest drawings of the still popular poster. The ideas of the foreign artists are taken freely and converted into gaudy designs for advertising the latest song or a new cigar without the least compensation, since, as the advertisers assert, American ideas are assimilated abroad just as unceremoniously.

Not all the large reproductions of figures and faces on our streets and along the roof tops are handwork. Many of them are machine made. By a process akin to that of making lithographs machines have been invented to lay the colors automatically. The finished product, quite devoid of personality, presents accurately a copy of the working design.—New York Post.

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Simple Country Living.

A man may enjoy bounding health and know very little about the cause of his happiness, and, alas, a man may suffer all the woes of dyspepsia and have no certain knowledge as to the cause of his misery.

"I'm a confirmed dyspeptic. That's the reason I look so old," said Mr. Collander, gazing almost enviously at the red bronze face of his former classmate at college, who had dropped down from the country into Mr. Collander's city office.

"What you need is simple country food, man," said his old friend, clapping him heartily on the shoulder. "Come and visit my wife and me on the farm for awhile, and we'll set you up. It's rich city living that's too much for you. Now, take breakfast, for instance. All I have is two good cups of coffee, a couple of fresh doughnuts, a bit of steak with a baked potato, some fresh biscuit or muffins and either griddle cakes or a piece of pie to top off with. What do you have?"

The city man looked at his red cheeked friend, who stood waiting for the confirmation of his idea.

"A cup of hot water and two slices of dry toast," he responded soberly. "But if you think a simple diet like yours would help me I will make one more attempt to be a healthy man."—Youth's Companion.

Just Her War.

Jack—Well, then, since you have broken off the engagement suppose you give me back the ring.

Julia—Eh—you see, Jack—er—Mr. De Trow—I've become very much attached to this ring. It just suits me. So when Tom Gettether proposed last night I told him I didn't want a new ring, but that he could see you and pay you what this cost you.—Philadelphia Press.

Peers of Great Britain have the right to be langed with silken cords instead of hempen ropes. Few avail themselves of the privilege.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,

REAL ESTATE

—AND—

INSURANCE

LOCAL AGENT FOR THE

South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co.

...AGENT...

HAMBURG-BREMEN,

PHOENIX of Hartford, Connecticut,

AND HOME of New York

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

House Broker,

Notary Public.

OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE,

Corner Grand and Linden Avenue,

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO CAL

TOWN NEWS.

School opened again Monday. Don't forget the Red Men's ball this evening.

Church entertainment one week from tonight.

If you are white you'll go to the Red Men's ball tonight.

Mr. S. B. Earle of Coyote is visiting his daughter, Mrs. J. O. Snyder.

Miss Bertha Kuck spent her week vacation in Napa visiting friends.

Healy has his hands full keeping carpenters supplied with lumber these days.

The trade wind bloweth where it listeth and no man can tell whence it cometh.

Bailey is busy—always is. He is making the brick block look like an artist had it in hand.

Miss Kittie Eikerenkotter of San Jose is visiting her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Eikerenkotter.

Rollins & Sons have the frame of the Clawson dwelling on Baden avenue up and are rushing work thereon.

Pete Broner left last week for New York with twelve polo ponies for a New York purchaser of California ponies.

Mr. Thomas Hickey expects his mother and sister to arrive shortly from Chicago, with the view of making their home here.

Tom Hickey has made a lot of improvements of a substantial character at his handsome residence on upper Grand avenue.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Post-office building.

The proposition to sink the deep well at the packing house for oil has been received very favorably, not only in this town but throughout the county.

The Peninsula Pennant announces that the Coast Advocate has suspended publication after a journalistic career of twelve years, leaving the Pennant the only paper on the coast side of the county.

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.

President Tom Williams has decided to continue racing at Tanforan until near the end of this month instead of transferring to Oakland after today. This is a sensible decision as the end of the season is so near.

A dispatch to the S. F. Chronicle from Redwood City under date of April 10, states that late frosts have about ruined the fruit prospects and seriously injured the flower gardens in that locality. We in the north end of the county and particularly about this town have suffered little if any injury from frost.

Own your own home. Stop paying rent. A magnificent five-room cottage, with bath, free from dampness; high, modern and sunny; sideboard; on most desirable part of Grand avenue. Inquire at Postoffice. Your own terms.

Tippecanoe Tribe, No. 111, Improved Order of Red Men, will give their first ball at Armour Pavilion this evening. The proceeds are to be applied to the purchase of new paraphernalia for the use of our local tribe of Red Men. It is to be hoped that there will be a generous support on the part of our people. Tickets 50 cents.

We regret there being a misunderstanding as to the date of the entertainment to be given by the ladies of Grace Mission. It was postponed from the 13th to the following Saturday, which is the 20th on account of the ball given by the Red Men on the 13th. The progress made on the program thus far assures us that the entertainment will be a great success in itself. We must depend on the generous patronage of the public for making it a financial success. Owing to the nature of the entertainment, it being a recital with vocal and instrumental music, we would kindly ask the audience to be in their seats early as possible. An hour for refreshments and dancing will be given at the close of the evening.

WAYSIDE NOTES ALONG SAN BRUNO ROAD.

The Bullhead Supper at The Real Thing—Luck of Four Fishermen.

A party of four fishermen, whose names will not be disclosed, went fishing at high tide near The Real Thing picnic grounds. When they returned to freshen up, the result of their exploits with the rod leaked out. While fishing, two of the party fell into the water and were rescued by a dog. The four fished for two entire days and the total result of their combined angling was one solitary bullhead which weighed one ounce. This does not worry these jolly fishermen, however, for they will have it cooked tonight with four plates set out. When the bullhead is before them each of the fishermen will make a dive for it. In the ensuing scramble, if the cat does not get the fish, the one who does secure the prize will have a standing joke on his companions. No lime juice to be served with the fish, which must be eaten whole without cleaning.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Markt of San Francisco are visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Markt.

Assemblyman Warren M. John of San Luis Obispo was among the visitors at The Real Thing the past week. Mr. John, who is an old friend of Mr. W. R. Markt, is Grand Senior Beadle of the Foresters of America.

There are now about 25 men em-

ployed at the Warren & Malley quarry getting out rock.

It is rumored that the X L Dairy intends removing all its cattle to the island.

The Real Thing is rapidly being improved and put in condition for a first-class family picnic grounds.

The last rain settled the dust on the San Bruno road to a noticeable degree and to the great satisfaction of all bicycle riders.

PCE A. PONIATOWSKI, President.

CHARLES L. FAIR, Vice-President.

THE SAN FRANCISCO JOCKEY CLUB

75 Days of Racing

Beginning November 19, 1900

AT TANFORAN PARK.

First Meeting—Monday, Nov. 19, 1900, including Saturday, Dec. 1, 1900.

Second Meeting—Monday, Dec. 17, 1900, including Saturday, Dec. 29, 1900.

Third Meeting—Monday, Jan. 21, 1901, including Saturday, Feb. 9, 1901.

Fourth Meeting—Monday, Feb. 25, 1901, including Saturday, March 9, 1901.

Fifth Meeting—Monday, March 25, 1901, including Saturday, April 3, 1901.

Sixth Meeting—Monday, April 22, 1901, including Saturday, May 4, 1901.

Of which three days of the last week will be given up to the California Pony and Steeple Chase Association.

Magnificent Racing Is Confidently Expected.

MILTON S. LATHAM, Secretary.

EDW. J. POWER, Racing Secretary.

Her Hint.

Stout Man (whose appetite has been the envy of his fellow boarders)—I declare I have three buttons off my vest. Mistress of the House (who has been reaching to give him a hint)—You will probably find them in the dining room, sir.—Exchange.

The Difference.

Lady—I see you advertise homemade bread? Baker—Yes, ma'am. Lady—Does it taste like homemade? Baker—No, indeed, ma'am. It's sweet and light.—New York Weekly.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.

An equable and healthful climate.

The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

FOR SALE.

Lot 38, in block 133, on Armour avenue. Size of lot 25x140 feet. Cheap for cash, or installment payments. Apply to E. E. Cunningham at P. O. Building.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Market shows good life and prices are steady on Red Cattle.

SHEEP—Sheep of all kinds are selling at lower prices.

HOGS—Hogs are selling at strong prices. Provisions—Provisions are in fair demand at steady prices.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are 50 lbs. (less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

CATTLE—No. 1 Red fat Steers, 9 1/2 @ 10 1/2 c; 2d quality, 9c; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 7 1/2 @ 8 1/2 c; No. 2 Cows and Heifers, 7 @ 7 1/2 c; thin Cows, 5 1/2 @ 6c; Fat Grass Steers, 8 1/2 @ 9c; Fat Grass Cows and Heifers, 7 @ 7 1/2 c.

HOGS—Hard, grain-fed, 250 lbs and under 6 1/2 @ 6 3/4 c; over 250 to 300 lbs, 6 @ 6 1/4 c; rough heavy hogs, 4 1/2 @ 5c.

SHEEP—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs. and under, 4 1/2 @ 5c; Ewes, 4 @ 4 1/2 c; shorn, 3 1/2 less. Suckling Lambs, \$2.50 @ 3 per head; or 5 @ 5 1/2 c per lb live wt.

CALVES—Under 250 lbs, alive, gross weight, 5 1/2 @ 6c; over 250 lbs, 4 1/2 @ 5c.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses.

BEEF—First quality steers, 7 1/2 @ 8c; second quality, 7c; first quality cows and heifers, 7 @ 7 1/2 c; second quality, 6 1/2 c; third quality, 5 1/2 @ 6c.

VEAL—Large, 8 @ 8 1/2 c; small, good, 9 @ 9 1/2 c; common, 8c.

MUTTON—Wethers, 8 @ 8 1/2 c; Ewes, 7 1/2 @ 8c; Suckling Lambs, 9 @ 10c.

DRESSED HOGS—Hard, 9 1/2 @ 9 3/4 c.

PROVISIONS—Hams, 12 1/2 c; picnic hams, 10c; Atlanta ham, 10c; New York, shoulder, 10c.

BACON—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 15 1/2 c; light S. C. bacon, 15c; med. bacon, clear, 12c; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 12 1/2 c; clear light, 14c; Bacon, 13 1/2 c; clear ex. light bacon, 14c.

BEEF—Extra Family, bbl, \$13.00; do, hf. bbl, \$6.75; Family Beef, bbl, \$12.75; hf. bbl, \$6.62 1/2; Extra Mess, bbl, \$12.50; do, hf. bbl, \$6.50.

PORK—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 11c; do, light, 11 1/2 c; do, Bellies, 11 1/2 c; Extra Clear, bbls., \$22.50; hf-bbls., \$11.50; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls., \$4.75; do, kits, \$1.25.

LARD—Prices are 50 lbs: Compound 7 1/4 7 1/4 7 1/4 7 1/4 7 1/4 Cal. pure 10 1/2 10 1/2 10 1/2 10 1/2 10 1/2 In 3-lb tins the price on each is 1/4 c higher than on 5-lb tins.

CANNED MEATS—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, \$2.45; Is \$1.40; Roast Beef, 2s \$2.45; Is, \$1.40.

TERMS—Net cash, no discount, and prices are subject to change on all Provisions without notice.

Save Your Money

—By Going to—

Ward, Sweeney & Co.

(Formerly with Kavanagh & Co.)

Wholesale and Retail

GROCERS,

309 and 311 THIRD STREET,

Telephone—Red 1712. San Francisco.

Orders delivered to Alameda, Marin and San Mateo Counties Free of Charge.

J. F. LYMAN C. H. LYMAN

LYMAN BROS.

Contractors and Builders

All kinds of New and Old Work.

Store and Shop Grand Avenue,

South San Francisco.

San Mateo County

Building and Loan Association.

Assets, \$175,000.00.

Monthly Payments \$14.15 per \$1000

No advance premium charged. Book value of shares allowed in payment of loans, and re-payment accepted at any time.

GEO. W. LOVIE, Secretary, Redwood City.

The Real Thing. A Genuine Wayside Inn.

Admirably situated in a beautiful grove on the old San Bruno Bay Road, the finest driveway out of San Francisco.

Where you will find the choicest refreshments, both solid and liquid, the San Francisco market affords.

Where comfort and good cheer are dispensed with a cordial hospitality.

Call, see it, and sample the good things, and you will come again.

W. R. MARKT, Proprietor.

Gilman & Lynch,

Restaurant

and Boarding.

WINE, LIQUORS

CIGARS

Tanforan Park,

South San Francisco, Cal.

Western Turf Race Track.

Walter F. Bailey

Painting and Decorating

In all its Branches.

104 Grand Ave., South San Francisco, Cal.

Leave orders at Office in Merriam Block. P. O. Box 75.

H. E. Plymire, M. D.

SURGEON, W. M. CO.

OFFICE HOURS—1 to 4, and 6:30 to 7:30 p. m.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO,

San Mateo County, Cal.

Residence, Werner Cottage, on Commercial avenue.



First-Class Stock

BOOTS : and : SHOES,

Constantly on hand and for sale

Below City Prices.

All kinds of Foot Gear made to order and Repairing neatly done.

P. L. KAUFFMANN, Prop.

GRAND AVE., South San Francisco.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS

DESIGNS

COPYRIGHTS &c.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Largest year: four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co 361 Broadway, New York

Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

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IF YOU WANT GOOD MEAT

Ask your butcher for meat from the great Abattoir at South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

ARMOUR HOTEL.

Table and Accommodations the Best in the City.

Finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Bowling Alley and Summer Garden in Connection with the Hotel.

German Bakery and Confectionery

Fresh Bread, Cakes and Pies delivered at any hour of every day. Fancy Cakes and Ice Cream made to order. Genuine French Bread baked every day.

HENRY MICHELFELDER, Proprietor.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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INTERPRETATION.

We long for a peace that is lasting,
We plead for a rapture that's rare,
Like fishermen ceaselessly casting
Their nets in the gulf of despair.
We draw from deep waters of sorrow
Dark wrecks of old failure and fear,
And out of sea silence we borrow
The storm that will never come near.

Faith speeds past the footsteps of Duty,
And halts at the door of a tomb;
Thought pierces the source of all beauty
And returns unto dust—'tis the doom
Of each man-child to strive and to wonder;

To plan for some positive gain;
And only find mysteries under
All life, be it pleasure or pain.

Lo, in realms of the mind there is treasure
For toilers who dwell in content;
There is truth that no science can measure,
And the fearless are never forsaken;
There is light when earth shadows are falling,
There's reward for the deeds that are done—

Where envy crowned virtues are calling:
"Through faith is thy victory won!"

A Regular Proposal.

It was a drizzling May morning, a left-over April day, and the hurrying crowds at the Grand Central Station were redolent of wet rubber and woolen.

One only in the crowd seemed indifferent to the weather—a man who walked listlessly along the platform, back and forth, heedless whether the roof sheltered him or not.

Now and then he glanced at his watch and then tapped impatiently with his umbrella. Already he had smoked three cigars and tried in vain to sit in the waiting room reading. Nothing eased his impatience like this steady tramping.

Once he encountered a familiar face and raised his hat with a hurried "How d'ye do?"

"That's young Averill, old Tom Averill's son," explained his acquaintance to a companion, and the two



JUST ONE WORD, DEAR.

turned and looked after the young man as he continued: "Immense rich, but an odd stick."

The impatient man was Tom Averill, Jr., and his behavior during the ensuing half hour was certainly odd. The Chicago train pulled in and Tom Averill stopped his walk and hurried down to the train shed to meet it and stood watching the passengers with a quick eye, running from car to car till it fell on a party of three—a young man, a middle-aged woman and a very pretty girl. His eyes brightened, his color rose and he bolted into the station, out at the front door and nearly annihilated a small street urchin in his violent haste to reach a cab.

Giving cabbie an address and stepping quickly in, he turned and threw a fresh-lighted cigar at the feet of the street urchin. The boy grasped the prize and remarked sentimentally, "Wheels!"

The cab stopped before the door of some luxurious bachelor apartments and Tom Averill hurried to the elevator, rushing out at the second landing and quite startled his man, who was sponging an overcoat.

"Take that evil smell into the bathroom, will you, Martin?" he cried, and hustled his servant out, slamming the door behind him.

"Well," he remarked smilingly to his shaving mirror, "the Uptons came, and to-morrow night I shall call on her brother. Now how shall I manage it?" he mused; "make a clean breast of what I am and all about me and wind up with a declaration of love? Tell Dick first, I suppose, and get him to ask her downstairs and leave us alone. Then when we are alone, h'm—guess I'll get up a regular proposal and see how it sounds."

He examined the doors, to make sure they were both shut and locked, sat down and addressed an imaginary person by his side.

"Dear Miss Upton (guess I won't say Marguerite), I want to tell you all about my life, if you care to listen. I was born thirty-two years ago, and as nearly as I can guess no one was glad to see me. My mother died at my birth, and I am told that my father would not even see me till I was six months old.

"Very little time or attention he gave me after that, or so it appeared to me. I was left to the care of servants during my babyhood, and hustled off to a boarding school as soon as I was old enough. At home the old housekeeper called me the 'oddest child she ever labored with,' and the maids all shunned me. The only childhood friends I remember with any pleasure are the

stable boy and a three-legged terrier dog.

"From boarding school I went to college, where I stayed three years. My allowance was so scant that I would not have been able to cut much of a swell if I had wished to. I believe my sole ambition was to get through college so as to see what life had for me beyond.

"Near the end of my junior year I received a telegram saying my father was dying. I went home at once, but too late to find him alive. As I looked on his dead face I realized for the first time that I had utterly missed being a son.

"Then I heard my father talked of, and knew that I was the son of a good man, and grieved to think that I had never really known him. The family resemblance between us came out strong and came to me as a new and startling thing, for with the lines smoothed out and with the youthful look death sometimes brings, the dead face was almost like my own.

"The day after father's funeral I met his attorney and learned from him that I was a rich man, rich beyond anything I ever dreamed of, and I blamed my father for keeping me so scant when he had so much money; but in looking over some of his papers I found some notes that were very precious to me. They were his rules of life, and among them was this: 'Keep the boy short of money. He is safer. There will be time to learn of his wealth and how to use it during our trip abroad together.'

"Well, I went abroad soon after that and lived a wandering life for ten years. I had not learned how to use money and I wasted a good deal 'learning,' but there was so much it hardly mattered.

"I lived fairly simply and studied some, but I was restless always. The only thing that kept me from going wrong was a natural distaste for boorish pleasures. No woman attracted me, though I met many that are called beautiful. I didn't gamble or drink because I wasn't a 'good fellow' enough to have invitations to carousals. I heard one fellow say that 'my nose went up too easy.'

"Two years ago my lawyer called me home to decide some important business and asked me to dinner at his home. It was that night that I found my lawyer was your father, and that you were, well, what you are, and that I liked to be as near you as possible.

"I don't think I really fell in love with you that night, but I was anxious to see you again soon. I decided to live in New York, and fitted up bachelor apartments and settled down. I had no idea that I ever should tell you I loved you, but I wanted to be near at hand. So I cultivated Dick's acquaintance. You needn't tell Dick I made use of him, because his friendship is one of the best things in my life.

"But just at first, before I knew him much, I played on his love of fine pictures to get him over here to my rooms, and offered to help him with his photographic prints in order that I might be up in his dark room when you were sitting in the next room. We used to hear your voice there while we worked, and nearly always you came to see the prints, and help pin them up to dry.

"I was very happy in those days, and if I could get Dick to tell me anything about you I did. He always thought you a frightful flirt, and always enjoyed relating your escapades with the High School boys, but he always wound up by saying: 'But she don't care a rap for any one of them. Marguerite will marry a steady old chap some day, and a dandy little wife she'll make him.' Then Dick would slap me on the back, and I would get red in the face. Dick must have seen that I cared for you.

"I suppose I should have let things slip along this way forever if you hadn't gone West, but when Dick told me you and he and your mother were going West for the winter I knew that I must act some time. I must have you for my own, so that people couldn't carry you off whenever and wherever they pleased. I tried to ask you then, but I was always tongue-tied whenever Dick left us alone, as he often did those last few weeks.

"I finally let you go with that one whisper at the station, 'Good-by, dear.' You blushed, but you didn't take your hand away, and though your lips said good-by to all in the little group that came to see you off, your eyes said good-by to me alone.

"So I have waited and hoped all these months, and Dick has kept up my courage with his letters. He has told me many stories of your ranchmen who have fallen a victim to your charms, but always wound up the same way. 'She don't care a pin for any of them and will marry old steady, after all.'

"So now I have come to claim you, dear (good place to take her hand), and ask you to be my wife. She ought to say something by this time, either yes or no, and then I sha'n't know what to do."

And Tom fell into a haze of dreaming till Martin timidly announced dinner.

The next evening Tom dressed carefully, and walked slowly to the Uptons'. He walked by the house once, but, coming back, he spied Dick at an upper window, and with a long-drawn breath and a tightening of the whole nervous system he ran up the steps and rang the bell.

The man ushered him in and he asked for Miss Upton. He had not meant to ask for her, but was rehearsing his proposal, and that was the way it began. The man was gone, anyhow, and so it couldn't be helped. Dick would probably come down when he saw the card, even if he hadn't seen him from

the window, so "it" would be delayed for an hour.

Perhaps he wouldn't ask her to-night. It might be too soon; he would see how she received him. There was no hurry; she wouldn't be going West again soon. He had never asked for her alone before. What would she think? There was only one interpretation—that he wanted to see her alone. Well, so he did, and he would ask her to-day.

He walked restlessly up and down the little reception room, conning the speech till a rustle of skirts made him stop abruptly in the middle of the room, with his eyes fixed on the door. It opened in an instant, and a dainty little maid stood framed in the doorway. Her brown eyes met Tom's bravely and happily, and before he knew what he was doing he had opened his arms and she had come straight to him.

"Hello, dear," she whispered, laughing saucily. "Is that all the love-making you know? Just one word—dear. And you never wrote even that one all these months. How do you expect a girl to know you love her when you act so? I shouldn't have if I hadn't read all Dick's letters. Dear old Dick! He told me all you had said about me, and of course I knew."

An hour later Tom was sitting on the divan holding Marguerite's hand. Dick sat on the other side, and Mr. and Mrs. Upton had chairs drawn near, and all formed a happy family group, but not one word had Tom uttered of his proposal.—Utica Globe.

MONACO AND MONTE CARLO.

How the Gaming Capital of the World Began.

Monaco and Monte Carlo were always more or less confused in my mind until I came here, and possibly they may be in yours. Monaco is the name of the kingdom as well as of the capital and chief town, and Monte Carlo is a separate town, lying also on the coast of the Mediterranean. The two places were originally about a mile apart, but the single street along the shore which connects them has been so built up that now they are practically one, and it is hard to tell when you are in Monte Carlo and when you cross the line into Monaco. Monaco is the old town, with dwellings and shops and castles and dirt and a market place like any other small European city, but Monte Carlo is new, and lives entirely upon the Casino. There are few dwelling houses in it, few shops, few permanent residents beyond the hotel and Casino employees, and even the Casino men live mostly in Monaco, where rents are cheaper. Monte Carlo consists chiefly of the Casino and its appurtenances, a group of hotels, a railway station and a very handsome arched stone railway bridge.

Here are the Maritime Alps, rising almost out of the back yards of both places, the sea in front, no bits of arable land bigger than flower beds, no manufactures, no chance for any industries beyond fishing and retailing groceries, if you take away the gaming tables. It was a strong temptation, no doubt, to their little majesties of Monaco to go in for anything that promised to bring money into the country. And the winter climate was the best in Europe, and therefore suitable for a great winter resort. The gambling industry was begun here in 1856, but only in a small way. Then, four years later, a person named Bianchi, who had been expelled from Homburg, came here and developed it. At present the gaming tables support everything. The Casino Company pays the prince \$250,000 a year for the concession. This is a stock company of the ordinary kind, like any mining or insurance company, with shares that can be bought in the market and that pay such handsome dividends that they command always a high premium. So, if you are a millionaire, as I hope you are, and would like to be in a position to dictate to a real prince, you need only come over to Monaco and buy enough shares in this company. They are \$100 shares, and sell at present at about \$300, I believe.—Wm. Drysdale in New York Times.

The Strength of Ice.
Two-inch ice will sustain a man or properly spaced infantry; four-inch ice will carry a man on horseback, or cavalry, or light guns; six-inch ice, heavy field guns, such as eighty-pounders; eight-inch ice, a battery of artillery, with carriages and horses, but not over 1,000 pounds per square foot on sledges; and ten-inch ice sustains an army or an innumerable multitude. On fifteen-inch ice, a railway could be built, and two-foot thick ice will withstand the impact of a loaded railway carriage, after a six-foot fall or, perhaps 1,500 foot tons). Trautwine gives the crushing strength of firm ice as 167 to 250 pounds per square inch.

Colonel Ludlow, in his experiments in 1881, on six to twelve-inch cubes, found 222 to 889 pounds for pure hard ice, and 232 to 820 pounds for inferior grades; and on an American river 700 pounds for clear ice and 400 pounds or less for the ice near the mouth, where it is more or less disintegrated by the action of salt water, etc. Experiments of Gzowski gave 208 pounds; those of others, 310 to 320 pounds. The tensile strength was found by German experiments to be 142 to 223 pounds per square inch. The average specific gravity of ice is 0.92. In freezing, water increases in volume from 1-9 to 1-18, or an average of 1-11; when floating, 11-12 is immersed.

River of Ink.

In Algeria a river of ink is formed by the confluence of two streams, one of which is impregnated with iron, and the other, which drains a peat bog, with gallic acid. The mixture of the iron and the acid results in ink.

The success of a jest often depends upon the digestion of your audience.

WIDOW GOT THE VERDICT.

One Effect of Too Closely Cross-Examining an Irish Witness.

"Never cross-question an Irishman from the old sod," advises one of the foremost railroad attorneys of the age. "Even if he does not think of an answer he will stumble into some bull that will demoralize the court and jury, and whenever a witness tickles a jury his testimony gains vastly in its influence."

"Yes, I'm speaking from experience. The only witness who ever made me throw up my hands and leave the courtroom was a green Irishman. A section hand been killed by an express train and his widow was suing for damages. I had a good case, but made the mistake of trying to turn the main witness inside out.

"In his quaint way he had given a graphic description of the fatality, occasionally shedding tears and calling on the saints. Among other things he swore positively that the locomotive whistle was not sounded until after the whole train had passed over his departed friend. Then I thought I had him.

"See here, McGinnis," said I, "you admit that the whistle blew?"

"'Yis, sor; it blewed, sor.'"

"Now if that whistle sounded in time to give Michael warning the fact would be in favor of the company wouldn't it?"

"'Yis, sor, and Mike would be tist'lyin' here this day.' The jury giggled."

"Never mind that. You were Mike's friend, and you would like to help his widow out, but just tell me now what earthly purpose there could be for the engineers to blow that whistle after Mike had been struck."

"I presume that the whistle was for the next man on the track, sor."

"I left and the widow got all she asked."—Detroit Free Press.

GENERAL LOUIS BOTHA.

General Louis Botha has been supreme commander of the burgher forces since the death of Joubert a year ago. Although the youngest of the high officers who have taken part in the conflict with the British, Botha at 36 is the ablest commander the Boers have turned



GEN. BOTHA.

ed out, with the possible exception of De Wet. He had no military experience before the present war, but he rose from the rank of private to that of commander in chief within six months after taking the field. He was formerly a member of the Transvaal Parliament, and an old friend and neighbor of Lucas Meyer. After Kruger's departure for Europe he allied himself with De Wet, both swearing to continue the war so long as they could find a following of five men.

He Needed a Change.



Tramp—What! Turkey again! Madam, ain't you got no roast beef?

Magnanimous Infant.
He is the cousin of a chubby 4-year-old whose home is in New York. This little man has also been started up in the way he should go. One day when he visited some relation by the name of Jones. He was not treated just as his highness considered fitting, and he resented it for a time. But when prayer time came he relented enough to frame this petition, which he tacked on to the end of the second prayer:

"Please, God, bless papa and mamma, and grandpa, and grandma, and even the Joneses!"—Lewistown (Me.) Journal.

Diseases that Kill Animals.
The three diseases which kill off the great number of caged animals are rickets, "lumpy jaw" and tuberculosis. They are caused in the main by the wrong food being given, want of sunlight and poor ventilation. An animal in the wild state when it kills its prey first drinks its blood and then devours its organs. The lean meat is eaten last, if at all. But for some reason it has hitherto been the custom in zoological gardens to prepare the food by bleeding the animal and removing all the fat.

AN ARCTIC JOURNEY.

SWEDEN'S SUCCESSFUL VOYAGE TO ICE-BOUND REGIONS.

Naturalists Make a Northern Trip of Unusual Length—Find an Archipelago Never Before Explored—Summer on the East Coast of Greenland.

There are three slots for removable type, for months, dates, hour, and half-hour. Diametrically opposite the circle is the canceling device, the side of which is parallel with the edge of the disk. Any required number or letter is cut in relief in the center, while three grooves are cut into the disk. The removable types are of steel, and have on the ends opposite their faces projections from their outer edges, so that when inserted in the slots the projections can be clamped and held in place.

Until 1880 Captain Chambers manufactured the cancelers here in Washington, and he is still required to maintain a repair shop in the neighborhood of the Postoffice Department, but he moved his factory to Northumberland county, Virginia, on a leg of land at the mouth of the Potomac, where he has a little village composed exclusively of employees and their families. No one can enter his grounds without permission, and those who have been there say it is quite an ideal little village, safe from spies of competitors who would like to get the contract away from him.—Washington Correspondence New York Tribune.

THOMAS KEARNS.

The Latest Silver King to Enter the United States Senate.

Though he represents a comparatively unimportant State, Thomas Kearns, the new Senator from Utah, will be one of the most conspicuous figures in the upper house of the Fifty-seventh Congress. His great wealth is responsible for his election to the Senate. Like his colleague, Clark, of Montana, he has wrested a fabulous fortune from the mines of the West, after tasting the bitter cup of toil and privation for many years.

Born in New York in 1862 he went to Nebraska as a young man and worked on a farm. He dug potatoes and drove a freight wagon. It occurred to him that in the Black Hills of Dakota he



SENATOR THOMAS KEARNS.

might find a fortune and thither he went. But he failed to strike it rich and went to Utah in 1883. In the famous Ontario mine in Park City he went to work with pick and shovel. From the savings out of his weekly wages he accumulated enough to buy himself a copartnership, with several others, in a claim near the Ontario mine. They met with success. Other claims on adjoining land was purchased and the whole combined into the Silver King mine. Its product of silver, gold, copper and lead last year amounted to an even \$1,000,000, of which one-fourth went to Senator Kearns. He is now worth about \$5,000,000.

Kearns is exceedingly generous. Not long ago he gave \$50,000 for the establishment of an orphanage in Salt Lake City and he also gave \$10,000 toward the building of a new Catholic cathedral in the same city. He is now building a marble palace in Salt Lake City, which will be one of the finest in the country, in marked contrast to the dugout which was his first Nebraska home and the humble cabin which sheltered him during his early career in Utah.

Walled In.

While excavating for a cellar in Marietta, O., a few hundred feet from the famous Mound Cemetery, the workmen dug into a mound builder's grave, which was supposed to be two thousand years old. The grave was covered with three layers of heavy stones with three inches of fine white sand between each layer. When the third stone was raised, the bones of a large man were discovered. In the bones of each hand were solid copper axes. The bones crumbled on exposure for an hour. Large bits of charcoal were found in the grave, as were the bones of wild animals supposed to have been deer. The grave was walled in on all sides, and also the top and bottom, with heavy stones. The body of the mound builder sat in an upright position, with the hands in a position as if supporting the body. The grave was two and a half feet wide by two and a half feet long and five feet deep, and the stones surrounding it were easily broken with the fingers, as they were very soft.

Not There.

A farmer once wrote to a distinguished scientific agriculturalist, to whom he felt under obligation for introducing a new variety of swine:—"Respected Sir—I went yesterday to the cattle fair; I found several pigs of your species. There was a great variety of beasts, and I was very much astonished at not seeing you there."

The people who have plenty to eat and drink and wear, and who are comfortably housed, do a terrible lot of grumbling when a pin scratches them.

VALUABLE SECRET.

One Family Has Furnished Stamp Cancelers for Sixty-five Years.

Since 1835 all the machines by which postage stamps are cancelled and envelopes marked with the name of the postoffice, the date, etc., have been made by one family. In the year named the Postmaster General entered into a contract with Benjamin Chambers, a citizen of Washington, to furnish a device by which postage stamps might be canceled so that they could not be used again, and, although there have been a multitude of competitors on several occasions, that contract has been renewed year after year for sixty-five years with Mr. Chambers, his son, and his grandson, who have a secret process by which the dies are made of malleable iron and carbonized into steel at a cost of from 50 cents to \$2.75 each. It is certainly the only government contract, and probably the only contract in the United States, that has been renewed so often and continued so long. The department buys about \$25,000 worth of new cancelers every year. Bids are advertised for annually, and every now and then some ambitious manufacturer who thinks he has a good thing offers a proposal, but the Chambers family are invincible. They have improved the device until it is now almost perfect.

The stamper is a circular cast-steel box (with a screw thread), one end of which is closed, and is provided on the outside with a square shank to secure it to the hardwood handle. The cover of the box is a disk of steel. A portion of its thickness enters the box by means of a screw thread around its periphery of almost twenty threads to the inch. This permits of a space between the inner face of the die and the bottom of the box, while the remaining thickness of the disk forms a flange with the edge, which is coarse milled, so that the disk may be turned with the hand or a wrench. On the outer face of the disk are characters of the body of the cylindrical die. These combine the marking and the canceling devices, one being on one side of the disk, inclosing the name of the postoffice in a circle.

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Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

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TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE**.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

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